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## VICTOR'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER, 1880.

IN A FEW WEEKS the fine autumn weather will have passed, and in a goodly portion of our country, and in much of the civilized world, the winters are long and tedious; for nearly half the year no flower, not even a green leaf, will be found to cheer the long winter gloom. Soon the evenings upon the lawn, the rambles among the shrubs and flowers, the bright autumn tints, will only form pleasant memory pictures, which we may enjoy in our snug retreats from November storms and winter cold. Here, too, we can find friends in books and sweet companionship in plants and flowers; a little of sweet summer saved from winter's tyrant grasp. It is pleasant to know that we can keep a trifle of its flowers and fragrance to give happiness from November to May.

A good many things can be gathered from the garden and potted; a few seeds of Mignonette and such little sweet flowers will make excellent pots, while the Hyacinths and Early Tulips and Narcissus seem especially designed to brighten and cheer the people who have to endure, if they cannot enjoy, northern winters. When in Holland, we were informed by the growers of bulbs that their best customers were from the extreme north, Russia, Norway, North America, while orders from southern countries were small and altogether unimportant. We have so often spoken of the culture of bulbs in the house, that there seems to be nothing new

to say; but for the benefit of new readers, and as a gentle reminder to our old friends, we suggest that by the exercise of a little taste a world of pleasure can be derived from cultivation of bulbs in the house, as they can be used in almost innumerable ways. Hyacinths, Narcissus and Crocuses may be grown in glasses of water, but pot culture, for general use, is quite pretty, and a little more natural. The Duc Van Thol Tulips are excellent for pots; indeed, many of the early varieties are suitable for house culture. A very pretty arrangement is to plant a variety of bulbs in baskets or boxes.

Bulbs, when flowered in the house, should be kept in as moderately cool a room as possible. If placed in a living room, which is kept at the usual temperature of such rooms, from 70° to 75°, they will bloom too early, and the flowers will soon fade. •A good arrangement is to keep them in a parlor, or some spare room, not frequently used, and which is usually kept pretty cool. They will then mature slowly, and be in perfection a long time. A few may be brought into the sitting room, placed on the dining table occasionally, or may be even taken to church, for special occasions, when floral decorations may be needed, and returned to their places as soon as possible. In this way a bulb can be made to do long service. Nearly all failures result from keeping plants in too dry an atmosphere and too high a temperature.



A little preparation is quite as necessary in the garden as in the house. A good many tender things may be saved by a little protection, or may be removed to winter quarters; some planting is best done in autumn, and no time is so good for making changes in walks, beds, &c.

All bulbs and plants that die down to the ground every autumn, may be protected by covering the surface with leaves, manure or straw; plants that retain their branches, and are hardwooded, but no leaves, may be protected with a straw covering, but plants that retain their leaves, or have succulent branches, will not bear thick or close covering. They must have air, and evergreen boughs, or something of the kind, as a shelter from severe wind, is about all the protection they can usually endure without injury.

The herbaceous plants, after growing a number of years in one place, are benefited by division and removal. The Delphiniums, or Perennial Larkspurs, as they are commonly called, the Hollyhocks, and Pæonies, and Canterbury Bells, and Perennial Poppies, and Aquilegias may all be divided and replanted in the autumn. Clumps of Lilies can also be taken up and the bulbs reset, just as soon as the leaves begin to show signs of ripeness by turning yellow.

What can we do in the way of sowing seeds in the autumn for spring flowers? That depends upon the climate. In the South very many of our annuals may be sown in the autumn or winter, and some will give their best bloom in the latter part of winter or early spring. For several years past the finest, largest Pansies we ever saw, either in this country or Europe, were sent us in the latter part of the winter from the South. Just imagine Pansies nearly four inches in diameter, firm in texture and of solid colors. We have received samples of Pansies from more than a dozen places South, and are glad to know that our Southern friends have such a splendid winter flower. In the north the Pansy will do well with a little protection, and will take advantage of even a week's thaw to give a flower or two.

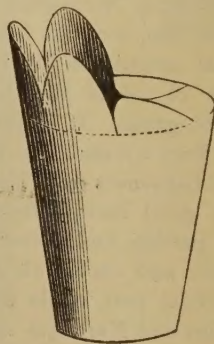
There are some flowers, natives of mountain glens and shady vales, that do not succeed in the bright sunshine of summer; but if we can get them to bloom in the spring, do so with all their native beauty and vigor. The *Nemophilas* and *Clarkias* are striking examples. If seeds of these are sown in the autumn, they will flower in May and June. A few seeds scattered in the herbaceous border, or among the bulbs, will give a good account of themselves. They love a cool place, and partial shade is not

objectionable. We have a few hardy annuals, like the Candytuft, that may be sown in the fall. In a sandy soil the *Portulaca* may be sown in the autumn, but not in a damp or heavy soil. Seeds of biennials and perennials, if sown early enough to produce strong little plants in the autumn, will flower the next summer.

All this is necessary, and may be done, and yet the garden in the spring look very dull and uninteresting. After being driven from the garden for nearly six months, in the early spring we are hungry for something that shows life and beauty, and watch with eagerness the early opening leaf, and are in extacies over the first expanded flower. Upon the Holland bulbs we depend almost entirely for our early spring flowers. The Snow Drop comes as the snow leaves, to be soon followed by the Crocuses, the Tulips and the Hyacinths. A garden without a few beds of these hardy bulbs is really only half a garden, for it will begin to be beautiful only when half the season is over. Don't put off making beds of Tulips and Hyacinths until spring, as many do, for bulbs cannot be obtained at that time that will give you any satisfaction. Every year hundreds of our friends neglect this caution, and inquire about planting Tulips when they are in flower.

### A PAPER FLOWER-POT.

In Europe they use a paper flower-pot, which we show in the engraving. It is made of stout brown paper, waterproofed on the inside and crenated at the margin, so as to allow the top to be folded down over the ball of earth. It is used mainly for traveling, and is very serviceable to tourists, who are thus enabled to bring home in safety any plant they may see on their travels. Nothing is more pleasant than to bring home these little reminders of our travels; and though a plant may have no particular merit over others, the fact that we found it on the Vermont hills, in the California canyons, or high up in the Rocky Mountains, give it an interest to us that no other plant can possess. Indeed, it is hardly possible for us to conceive that it is not a wonder of beauty, and a novelty that no one else possesses.





## COUNTY FAIRS.

The season of fairs for this year is past, and its records are all made. May we ask, What is the result? To many the attendance of a fair has been a recreation, for they have turned aside from the every day thoughts and labors, they have met and enjoyed the society of old friends and, possibly, may have received some new ideas that will prove of practical value. But, on the whole, have the fairs been satisfactory? An answer to this question will depend very much upon the management of each show. Already we have heard from various parts of the country complaints of the most decided kind of the vicious tendency of some of these annual exhibitions. These complaints are not confined to county fairs, but extend to the shows of some State societies. The grievances are so well known, it seems unnecessary to recount them. The greatest prominence is given to trotting races by means of offering the highest prizes for these performances. To such an extent has this course been continued, that to horsemen and to gamblers an agricultural fair means no more and no less than a horse race with its concomitant vices. So controlling has this element of rural shows become, that it is thought absolutely essential to their financial success to make the races the most important feature. In order to add still further attractions, some societies have offered and awarded prizes for bicycle races, for the handsomest babies and the tallest women. Of what value to the community is this? What sense is there in it? It is needless to carry the investigation further. It is plain to all that these exhibits are mere expedients to swell the funds of the societies. We have no desire to discuss the business management of shows; we are well aware that the shows cannot be conducted without money, but if money sufficient for all necessary purposes is not forthcoming without the use of these methods that are either questionable or undeniably vicious, then let them fail for want of patronage. But they need not fail. If the discontinuance of the practices complained of shall cause a loss of attendance on the part of those they attract it will be compensated by the presence of a large and respectable class that they now repel. If the sale of beer, wine and cider can be prohibited on the fair grounds, if for no other reason than that it serves as a cloak for secretly dispensing whisky to all who really desire it, a potent source of evil will be banished. The evils we have mentioned are not local, nor even confined to a State or section—they are wide-spread over the country. The exceptions are few; happily

there are exceptions, or we might be led to conclude it to be impossible to conduct an agricultural society in accordance with accepted moral principles. But the evils are prevalent, and everywhere call forth the protestations of sound-minded men. A writer in a recent number of a popular western journal speaks of the shows of a portion of Central Illinois in this wise:

“The fairs in this section—put the best face on them that they can—are so far, no great success. Micawber-like, we all hope ‘something will turn up.’ But the fact is, something must first be turned out. Every gambling concern, saloon and horse jockeying must be abolished or farmers will not patronize them, and ought not. Grange fairs, harvest homes and local gatherings for farm exhibits are fast taking precedence of county fairs, and even the State fair may suffer defeat from the same causes. The fact is patent, that respectable families wish to attend fairs, but will not go when every moral feeling must be shocked by brawling, and sometimes drunken and fighting mobs.”

It will be a sad misfortune if the societies, as at present organized and with all the facilities for successful operation that they possess, should be allowed to be controlled by the worse element, even though the better re-organize anew for useful work. If the interests of the farm, the garden and the household are insufficient to command the attention, and enlist the efforts of the whole community, then let us seek to enlarge the sphere of operations by measures that will tend to enhance the welfare of society. Unquestionably one cause of the lack of interest in agricultural societies proper, without the artificial stimulus of races and side shows, is the uniformity with which the shows have been conducted. Although experience has proved the value and excellence of the general character of the schedule of prizes as now usually offered, its lack of variety seems to be a fault. It appears to be a proper question now to consider how, without detracting from the merits of the accepted form of schedule, it may be so varied and improved as to command the attention of a greater number, and induce the hearty co-operation of the whole community in the affairs and conduct of the society. Already an attempt to this effect has been made, and we regard it as one in the right direction. Heretofore the prizes have been offered very properly for material products; now it is proposed to add premiums that shall have the tendency to encourage mental attainments among the young. How such a result may be best secured is yet an unanswered question, and probably its solution will only be determined by experience.



One thing is certain—the interest is a common one and of sufficient importance to engage the attention of a vast number, not only of farmers, but those connected with every trade and profession. The interest of the children is a universal interest.

The character of this educational department should, no doubt, be a varied one. By some it is proposed to offer premiums to teachers as well as to pupils, and to some extent this may be desirable. What we consider most desirable is to encourage the diffusion of information upon those subjects which, although of great importance to every individual, the public schools do not undertake, and the great body of our citizens who complete their school course by the time they are fourteen years of age, or when still younger, have no adequate knowledge of. In the list of subjects of practical value, we may mention drawing. This is an art that with proper encouragement very many, at odd times, could attain sufficient proficiency in to make it available to them through life greatly to the advantage of themselves and others. A knowledge of the well-established laws of health is of essential importance to every one, and systematically directing the attention of the young to them in every community would be productive of great good. An intimate knowledge of all the poisonous plants of any section, together with the method of treatment in case of accidental poisoning by them, would be very desirable. To be brief, we will further mention a knowledge of the proper management in cases of accidents resulting in broken limbs and wounds and bruises either of the human body or of animals; a knowledge of the weeds and useful plants, and of the animals, birds and insects of a section or county; a knowledge of the general structure and function of the principal parts both of plants, animals and insects. In connection with these subjects, collections of dried plants and stuffed animals and birds, and prepared and preserved insects, could come in for competition.

The character, appearance and uses of the different kinds of wood growing in the county or section would be a proper subject of investigation, as would also the appearance and character of the various soils and the rocks underlying them, and the principal geological features of the country; the latter would encourage the collection of specimens of rocks and minerals in each part of the country. The above-named subjects are a part only of what people may be advantageously intelligent upon without being profound. Much of such information children may gain almost as a pastime, if properly put in the way of it, and the encour-

agement given by annual prizes, if persisted in, would in a short time produce the desired results.

We are aware that in most communities it will probably be extremely difficult to effect the changes here proposed, and it will only be by some effort that a society may be induced to make them.

We are happy to know, however, that it is being done, and the trials have resulted already in marked good. Slowly the idea will advance, we trust, and be an effective means of eventually elevating the character of our popular, annual rural shows.

### AUTUMN CROCUS.

The *Colchicum*, or Autumn Crocus, is a curious and interesting flower. The leaves appear in the spring, and the flowers in the autumn, and the seed the next midsummer. This singu-



lar habit makes the plant very interesting both to the botanist and the florist. The bulbs are perfectly hardy, and we have never known one injured by the winter. Each bulb gives quite a cluster of flowers, generally six or eight, and so persistent is it in its determination to flower, that if taken up early in the autumn, before time for flowering, and placed in a pot or basket, it will bloom just as well as if left in the ground. Indeed, if placed upon a bracket or shelf, without either soil or moisture, the pretty flowers will appear just the same as though it had retained its natural position in the ground. There are several varieties, the most common being a light pink, *Agrippina* is a little deeper in color and checkered, and *Album* pure white.



## THE TOMATO.

No vegetable has gained popularity more rapidly than the Tomato. Some readers can remember when it was almost unknown, and now no vegetable makes a larger or so brilliant a display in our markets. The quality of the fruit has also been greatly improved. Once it was small, uneven, watery, seedy and late. Now we have early, medium and late varieties; fruit of good size, smooth, solid, and of different qualities. The very early varieties are usually small, uneven, and the quality not the best. Those that ripen next are generally of medium size, smooth as an Apple, solid, and of good quality. The later kinds are mostly large and best adapted to southern growth.

We remember once having caused quite a smile on the countenances of a company of horticulturists, when we happened to speak of the *quality* and *flavor* of Tomatoes. There is, however, a great difference in flavor, as those will readily acknowledge who eat the Tomato from the hand, picked directly from the plants. Some kinds have a sweet, rich, fruity taste, and are almost as good as Plums, while others are sour and insipid. The richest of the Tomatoes are the small kinds, too small for general use, and desirable only for preserving and pickling. The best two originated in England from varieties we sent for trial to the London Horticultural Society. The Green Gage, a small, highly flavored fruit, not much larger than the Plum from which it was named, and of the same



NESBIT'S VICTORIA.

color, came from Hathaway's Excelsior, or at least was found growing in a bed of this kind.

About a year since, the English horticultural journals published glowing descriptions, with illustrations, of a new Tomato produced from the variety which our English friends had named Vick's Criterion, which was described

as "about the size and shape of a Victoria Plum, and exceeding all others in flavor and fruitfulness." It was produced by RICHARD NESBIT, and named Nesbit's Victoria. We have grown it this season. It is Pear-shaped, and the size and form are both shown in the



THE TURBAN.

engraving. The fruit is borne in immense and beautiful clusters, many having twenty specimens. The flavor is unsurpassed.

Another new and singularly-formed Tomato, of excellent quality, is the Turban. The flesh is very sweet and well flavored. The engraving shows about the natural size and form. It will be valuable only for special purposes.

Among the new Tomatoes tried by us this season were two varieties from Professor FRISBIE, of the Azores, one called Frisbie's Hybrid, about medium in time of ripening, a few days later than Acme. It proved with us very irregular both in size and form and seemed to possess no special merit. A Portuguese variety from the same gentleman bore very large fruit, irregular in shape and deeply ribbed, but gave an immense crop; the most productive kind we have ever tried.

To G. W. FERGUSON, of Lambeth, Ontario, we are indebted for a new Tomato supposed to be a cross between Trophy and Conqueror, which we have no doubt is correct, as in thirty plants we had both varieties quite distinct. Those resembling Conqueror were very much the earliest, but those like Trophy bore the largest and finest fruit.

A variety named Reed's Island Beauty we received from JOHN A. REED, of Huntington, L. I. The smoothest of the fruit resembled Trophy, and ripened about the same time, but the largest specimens were irregular and of great size and weight.



Ford's Alpha, which was represented as the earliest Tomato known, is of a flattish form, many specimens quite irregular, but skin smooth and without ribs. The quality is good, and it may be classed with our earliest sorts.

### THE AURATUM LILY.

All of our readers have heard about the celebrated Auratum Lily, and it has no doubt been seen by nearly all; but we doubt if any one has ever seen a drawing or painting that has done it justice, or was much more than a caricature.



We have several times tried to make a good colored plate of this flower, but the artists have invariably spoiled the work, for artists have some notions that are annoying to florists. They usually select an imperfect flower, if one can be found, from which to make a drawing, and if one-half of a petal has been destroyed by a caterpillar, all the better, and if the animal can be caught at work, so as to have his photograph taken, it is a perfect god-send. Then they spoil a light-colored flower by endless gloomy shadings, as dense as a London fog, and about as pleasant to look upon. We succeeded, however, in having made an excellent portrait of the Punctatum Lily, which was given in the August number, and now take pleasure in presenting our readers with the Auratum, certainly the best colored plate of this flower we have ever seen.

This Lily is a native of Japan, and abounds in the mountains, where the bulbs are gathered and shipped to this country in large quantities, and many more are grown here from scales, as each scale or leaf of a bulb will produce small bulbs at its base when properly treated, and these will make flowering bulbs in about three years.

The Auratum has not proved as reliable as the varieties of the Speciosum, often failing about the time the buds should open, but its great size and beauty have encouraged cultivators to

perseverance, and not without success. We have received many reports from our readers of plants that have given from ten to thirty blossoms each year for several years, and we have in our own grounds specimens of wonderful beauty, though, like our friends, we have met with some failures. All lovers of flowers should try the Auratum.

The engraving shows pretty truthfully the size and appearance of a medium-sized flowering bulb. Those who receive bulbs should not complain if they are a little dry, for we have found that too much moisture is very liable to cause serious injury, while a bulb dry and much shrivelled will recover and become plump and sound if placed for a week or ten days in a box of sand, or sandy soil, very slightly moist.

In this connection we would also say that no Lily we have ever seen excelled in beauty the great trumpet-shaped flower, *Brownii*, purple on the outside and white in the inside; while *Takesima* and *Longiflorum*, both white, trumpet-shaped, are beautiful and entirely reliable with common garden culture, as also are the different varieties of *Lancifolium* or *Speciosum*.

### SNOW FLAKE.

At the request of a correspondent we call attention to the Snow Flake, sometimes called the Large Snow-Drop (*Leucojum æstivum*.) It



is much larger than the Snow-Drop, and more robust in habit. It is a very hardy and useful flower, white with green spots. Our correspondent has grown it successfully in the house.





#### ANTICOSTI ISLAND.

If you have ever sailed through the Gulf of St. Lawrence you have probably seen a low, dark line of land, stretching for miles along the northern horizon, and, if you were not too seasick, or too careless, to ask questions, you no doubt heard that the distant land was the island of Anticosti, of evil memory, a wild and barren shore, with sunken reefs and unknown currents, a snare and a terror to seamen since the days of Jacques Cartier. And then, if your informant had time to spare, you listened, I know, to many a strange and awful story of shipwrecks, starvation and murder till you began to think Anticosti must be the worst island on the face of the water.

And, perhaps, some of the stories were true; yet, to me Anticosti is the fairest, dearest island on earth. I have lived on it ever since I was born, and I think I know something about it. Ships have been lost, and men have died on it, as they would in the fairest of your northern States, if left alone, without shelter or food to bear the winter storms and cold.

Still, it is anything but a barren land, and the winters, though somewhat long, are not very cold. Only once has the mercury been known to fall as low as  $20^{\circ}$  below zero, and, excepting in the months of January and February, it is seldom below zero at all. But in the summer there is no fierce heat; the mercury usually keeps between  $60^{\circ}$  and  $70^{\circ}$ , rarely rising higher, and often falling something lower, for the grateful sea-breeze is always blowing over the land. I live on what is, perhaps, one of the coolest and most exposed points on the island, and the above figures of summer heat is, I am almost certain, much below what it is in many other places on it, where no thermometer reckoning is ever kept.

Our little island, as some people are pleased to term it, is about one hundred and thirty-five miles long, and contains some one million four hundred thousand acres, and, in a country where railways and even common roadways are unknown, it leaves an impression of being any-

thing but little on those that have the luck to travel even the length of its smooth south shore beach, not to mention a journey along its rocky north shore cliffs. There is a belt of woods almost all around the island, wide in some places and narrow in others; and in the interior are great plains and peat-beds, coming out in some places to the shore.

There is very fair timber on the north side, and the soil is deeper and richer than at the south. Spruce, Fir, Birch, Pine, Cedar, Poplar and Ash, and some of the smaller woods, are to be found about the island, but the larger part of the forests is composed of Spruce and Fir, with a thick sprinkling of Birch and Mountain Ash. On the south side, the trees are, comparatively speaking, of small size, chiefly from twenty to forty feet high, with sometimes an out-skirt of dwarf bushes. The trees grow close in the woods, and there is a dense undergrowth of shrubs and plants, consequently bush traveling is difficult and often impossible.

Until the last five years the island was almost uninhabited, the only residents being the people belonging to the four lighthouses, a few scattered hunters, and, perhaps, three or four real houses inhabited by people who had either been born on the island or had been settled on it a long time. Quite lately, settlements have sprung up at the east and north ends of the island, containing a few hundred families, whose members live by fishing, but are in a chronic state of starvation every winter, for there is no work to be had for them, and the proceeds of their fishing are scarcely sufficient for a whole year, even if they were not squandered away before the cold weather. Most of them cultivate the land enough to assist them materially, but not enough to place them beyond the reach of want. A few may raise enough for their own use, but no more, as there is no market for any farm produce.

And now let me tell you what can be raised on the island. Potatoes can be raised here—I don't think any one that ever spent a summer on the island could deny that—and Turnips,



Parsnips, Beets, Carrots, Radishes, Salsify, Rhubarb, Cabbage, Cauliflower, Lettuce, Spinach, Celery, Peas, Beans, Cress, and Onions, Top or Button. All sweet herbs can be grown to great perfection. Cabbage and Cauliflower thrive wonderfully and grow to a great size; I have seen solid heads of Cabbage, with all the loose outside leaves removed, that would cover the mouth of a flour-barrel, though I am afraid that a stranger, looking at our Cabbage garden to-day, would be inclined to doubt my word, for the grubs have made lamentable work among the plants this summer. Our Anticosti Lettuce and Radishes leave nothing to be desired, so large and sound and gratefully crisp are they. Radishes can grow to an enormous size in our cool, moist climate, without becoming either hollow or tough. Indeed, I may say that anything among common garden vegetables that should be juicy and tender, can be seen here in the greatest perfection. Rhubarb only needs to be put in the ground, and then years of storm, snow, cold and wet, cannot injure it, and it seems to ask neither shelter nor care. Salsify was never grown on the island until this summer. I sent for seed last fall just to try it, and the Salsify attracts all passers-by this summer. Every seed came up and made a fine, healthy plant. I don't know whether they are as large as they should be; the leaves are from eighteen to twenty-four inches in length, and the roots about ten or twelve inches. The roots are very smooth and straight, but are not very stout yet.

It has always been something of a custom among the good people of Anticosti to ridicule any attempt at raising anything they have not been accustomed to, and to rate the productive capabilities of the island as low as possible. When I ventured two years ago to sow a few Tomato seed, I had to endure no small amount of raillery, but I persisted in my design, serenely indifferent, to outward appearance at least, and on the first of June planted out five or six little Tomato seedlings about three inches high. They grew apace, and I took courage when I saw their vigorous branches growing and climbing as rampantly as weeds, and the numerous clusters of blossoms that soon appeared, gladdened my heart. But, how slowly, how very slowly, these blossoms opened, and how still more slowly they faded! I began to have secret misgivings about the possibility of fruit ever coming, and it was then that the sarcastic remarks of visitors to my Tomatoes were hardest to bear. "Are they beginning to ripen yet?" was a question I often met on my return from gazing on the everlasting blossoms. In August a sweeping storm went over the land, blasting

all before it in exposed gardens, and my poor Tomatoes went with the rest. The remnants, indeed, crept slowly back to life, but all hopes of fruit were gone; still, I remembered how generously the poor little things had grown, though the summer was the coldest and bleakest ever known here, and this spring I set out a few more plants. To-day, as I write, there are plump little Tomatoes on them, though they are green yet, which is partly my fault, perhaps, for the dense vines have hidden the clusters too much, and I could not find it in my heart to break off any of the branches, though, judging from a little cut in a catalogue, other people prune off very much without any remorse; for the Tomato plant in the picture is to mine what a few wisps of straw are to a Currant bush. I have hopes of gathering ripe Tomatoes yet, though, in any case, I am certain now that they can be ripened on the island, without any petting or covering, for some Squashes that I have near by have done nothing but blossom yet, and ten minutes' walk from this spot is a garden where Squashes are as large as small Turnips, and if Tomatoes had been there they would have been ripe now. I do not mean to say that much could ever be done with Squashes here, except by coddling, for there is too much wet and not enough heat for the fruit to mature, although the plant will grow to a most amazing extent. Very fair-sized Pumpkins have been grown on the island, but nothing like the giants you have, of course. With the protection of a frame at first, and a covering in frost or storm, Cucumbers ripen very well.

Fall Wheat was planted for the first time on the south side of the island last year. It was put in the ground in October, and is not yet ripe. The grain is very strong and fine, between five and six feet high, and the ears are very large and long, but they will not be ripe for a week or so yet, and perhaps never, if a frost should come. Wheat, however, has been grown on the north side of the island by fishermen, that ripened very well. The worst of everything here is that it will persist in growing on and on in the moist, mild weather, without any attempt at "turning in," as our neighbors call it. We never have any of the fierce, scorching heat that compensates for the long winter, and forces everything to maturity so soon, as in other places in Canada. By the way, I must not forget to mention that Tobacco grows very fairly here.

Potatoes will grow to a most astonishing size in Anticosti, and this fall we are getting almost alarmed about ours; they are more like Turnips than Potatoes now, and in a week or two I scarcely know what we may expect. We



cultivate the Early Rose variety almost exclusively, for it is very prolific; but the tubers are not at all floury.

I must say a few words at least about the flowers. All hardy and half-hardy flowers will grow well in the garden. As I have not the time to spare that a garden needs, I devote myself to the culture of plants in the house. The air seems particularly suited to my flowers. Mignonette grows most luxuriantly, and I have seen plants of it in the garden with flower spikes over ten inches in length, and of great substance, and the plant itself covering a large space; this was the common kind, and it was in poor soil; it will surpass that with very little care. Our wild-flowers are very abundant, and many of them are beautiful. The first flower of spring is the Arctic Primrose that covers the meadows with a sheet of tender color. Then comes a small crimson flower of most exquisite fragrance, almost with the Primroses. A little later, the Violets are in bloom; there are three different kinds—the large blue Violet, a smaller white one, and little pale purple ones. The blue Violets grow in myriads everywhere in the Grass, and are very beautiful. They surpassed themselves last year in the cold, wet spring, when nothing else would grow. Many of them, as I found by actual measurement, were over an inch and a half in diameter. There are numbers of handsome flowers that I do not even know the names of, but I could give a long list of those that I do know. I could write another long letter about the wild flowers of Anticosti, and, as I fear this one is too long already, I will only speak of a few of the most showy ones. The wild *Convolvulus* grows in a few sheltered nooks, and its large, fragile pink and white bells are perhaps as fair as any. The Blue Iris covers almost every meadow, and here and there a purple one may be seen. Water Lilies grow in the lakes. In some parts of the island magnificent specimens of the Lady's Slipper of rare color and beauty are found. The woods are full of gorgeous berries in autumn, blue, scarlet, black and white, and now that I mention berries, I remember that I should have told you that all the small fruits grow here in the greatest abundance.

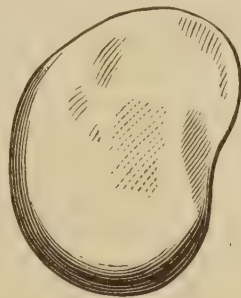
I must now bid you good-bye, but whenever you wish to hear more of Anticosti, you can always command the services of your faithful Anticosti—TWILLICK, *September, 1880.*

**POTATOES ROTTING.**—In digging Potatoes this fall I have found a few decaying, although the tops appeared healthy all through the season. I have heard no general complaints of this kind in Western New York.—B.

### THE WINDSOR BEAN.

When in America I was surprised to find, that among the many good things to be obtained, in both vegetables and fruits, I was not able to find at any hotel anywhere my favorite dish, Broad Beans. Among the choice fruits, I must compliment the Apricots of California, and the Melons of Maryland and Delaware, for nothing of the name that we grow have anything like the flavor of those grown in America. I suppose we lack bright sunshine, which is necessary to give them flavor, and those grown in our forcing houses are not desirable, to my taste. As a substitute for Windsor Beans, you have Sweet Corn, which is too sweet for my taste, and Limas, which are delicious, but still I missed the old Broad Bean. On inquiry, I was informed that the climate was unsuited to their growth, but in your varied climate there must be some sections where it will thrive. Indeed, I found an old acquaintance in Michigan, who informed me he had succeeded pretty well, though from the fact that I saw none growing, I fear his success was not very marked. I think this was the only person I met who knew much about this, in England, popular vegetable, or, least, who had grown them. If you were to call attention to the subject, some good might result. Seeds can doubtless be obtained of some American seedsmen, and, if not, I will cheerfully forward them for the benefit of your readers.—TEDDINGTON, *on the Thames.*

The leading seedsmen of this country keep this Bean, but the demand is very small. It is not suited to a hot, dry climate. By getting them in the ground early, in a cool soil, a crop may be grown, but the taste for this Bean needs cultivation, and the demand, we think, would not be great. An old Englishman in this country grew this bean for many years. It is a peculiar plant, very different from the common garden Bean, being two feet or more in height, with a strong, erect stem, as shown in the engraving. The flowers are very pretty, black and white, and we have grown them in the house for cut flowers. The pod is large, and the Beans, which are of the size shown in the engraving, are shelled and served like Limas. It is best to obtain English seed, for that grown in this country gets smaller every year.





## A CHEAP CONSERVATORY.

MR. JAMES VICK:—I have attempted several times to describe what has been to me a source of much pleasure, study and profitable amusement, but something else would interfere, and I would give up for a more favorable opportunity, and at last it presents itself.

Last February, I sent you several letters of inquiry, and informed you that my love for floral pursuits was on the increase, and that I contemplated making a conservatory of my balcony. The plan for the new structure was suggested by the July number of your MAGAZINE, and I was aided by a kind friend and neighbor, Mr. D., one of your subscribers, who kindly offered to assist me in the undertaking. By his assistance I was saved the cost of putting up the sash-frames, door, transom and carpenter work in general, and we spent several evenings very pleasantly together, and finished at last at a very moderate expense, as the following statement will show.

Sash, door and transom . . . . .	\$14 00
Sash-strips for outside . . . . .	50
80 feet lumber . . . . .	2 40
4 lbs. putty . . . . .	15
Butts for transom . . . . .	10
Screws . . . . .	05
5 lbs. mixed paint . . . . .	80
Painting inside . . . . .	1 00
1 lb. nails . . . . .	08
Boards for shelves . . . . .	1 14
1 pair brackets, small . . . . .	25
2 " " large . . . . .	70
Strips for shelves . . . . .	1 00
	<hr/> \$22 17
Less amount allowed from rent by landlord	12 00
Total net cost to the present time . . . . .	<hr/> \$10 17

Just think of it, a conservatory for \$10.17! Who would do without one, if they could obtain it for so trifling an expense? I have no doubt that many of your readers possessed of small means, like myself, could obtain a conservatory nearly as cheap as the one I have. I forgot to state that most of the painting was done by myself at odd times. Of course, all landlords are not as liberal as they might be, but when a tenant tries to do justice to the property he inhabits, and, instead of destroying it or let things take their course, tries to beautify his home, his actions will not go unnoticed. So, when I mentioned the subject to my landlord, it did not meet his approbation at first, but afterwards he gave his consent by allowing me twelve dollars from the rent, the remainder, whatever the cost should be, I was to pay; so work was commenced at once.

In the rear of my sitting-room, on the second floor, is a balcony six feet wide, sixteen feet long, and ten feet high, facing the east, which has the morning sun. A door and window

open from the sitting-room. This room is heated by a register. The north and south ends of the balcony have a board partition, separating the property on either side; in the front is a railing two feet high and fourteen feet long, with a pillar in the center to support the roof; a stairway leads to the yard below. The glass partition rests on the railing, which has been boarded up on the inside from the top of the railing to the floor. The sash consists of three frames, containing eighty-four panes of 8x10 glass, with a door and transom of four panes each. The frames are matched together for strength, which does away with any extra braces that would take up room and obstruct the light. They are fastened in by screws, so that they can be taken out if occasion requires. I did not find it necessary to do so this summer, as I reduced the temperature ten degrees by throwing water over the place with a hose tipped with a fine rose. Spraying the plants and leaves has kept them clean and free from insects and dust.

I have arranged three shelves a foot wide, and fastened to the sides of them strips an inch and a half wide, and filled the shelves with river sand. The pots of plants are arranged on these shelves with Moss packed between them, thus retaining the moisture in the pots. For propagating, I have six small boxes about a foot square and three inches deep, and have placed them in a position where the morning sun falls on them through the glass, and the air allowed to pass freely through them. The cuttings are kept always moist. I succeed better in this way than by placing the boxes in the shade, and do not lose so many cuttings.

My conservatory is not without a rockery, for at the northern end are some boxes of uniform size, filled with granite and feldspar, and sifted peat and well-prepared dirt. The boxes are free from the floor about an inch, which prevents decay. Among the rocks are grown *Tradescantia zebrina*, *T. vulgaris*, *T. aquatica*, *T. repens vittata*, *Saxifraga sarmentosa*, *Panicum variegatum*, *Sedums*, *Liverworts*, *Ferns* in variety, and *Lycopodium*. The conservatory is filled with a general collection of young plants, mostly greenhouse perennials, some scarce and rare, as well as those more common.

For climbers, I have arranged a network of twine all around the sides and across the ceiling, and have a mass of beautiful foliage produced by *Cobœa scandens*, *Lophospermum*, *Cissus discolor*, *Maurandya*, *Passiflora variegata*, *Myrsiphyllum asparagoides*, *Hoya carnosa*, *Clerodendrum Balfouri*, *Lygodium repens*, and English and German Ivy.

In creepers and low-growing vines there are *Torenia*s, *Lycopodium*s, *Fittonia*s, *Winter-*



greens, *Goodyera repens*, *Achimenes*, &c. Foliage plants are represented by *Maranta zebrina*, *Begonia Rex*, *Begonia zebrina*, *Poinsettia*, Ferns in variety, *Agaves*, *Cacti*, *Crotons*, *Coccolobia*, *Hibiscus variegata*, and others, besides twelve distinct varieties of fancy *Caladiums*. The latter I started from bulbs potted in four and six-inch pots last February with bottom heat, and they have given me one continuous mass of foliage, one bulb having nearly twenty handsome leaves. These plants have been the admiration of all who have seen them, and a leading florist of our city complimented me for such marked results, as they were far ahead of any in his collection. I kept the pots packed in Moss, and standing in water, which, with the good start given them from bottom heat, no doubt had much to do with the success I had in their culture. They were exhibited on Childrens' Day at one of our leading churches, and were much admired, and gained the owner many kind expressions, as well as numerous offers of plants and cuttings.

I have more than a dozen varieties of *Begonia*, and some half dozen kinds of *Abutilons*; also, *Ageratum*, *Heliotropes*, *Amaryllis*, *Crinum*, *Ornithogalum*, *Pomegranate*, *Echeveria*, *Hibiscus*, *Ardisia*, *Cuphea*, *Feverfew*, *Geraniums* in great variety, *Justicia*, *Plumbago*, some twenty varieties of *Roses*, &c.

From the ceiling are suspended baskets, shells and globes, filled with *Tradescantia*, *Oxalis Bowii*, *Othonna crassifolia*, *Tydea gigantea*, *Love and Tangle*, *Sedum variegata*, *Moneywort*, *Maurandya Barclayana*, and fastened on boards padded with Moss I have the *Bryophilum* growing on the wall.

My love for flowers has been brought about mainly through reading your *MAGAZINE* of 1879, a volume in which I always find much to interest me, and never open it but to find fresh reading every time. Each number of 1880 is read with interest as soon as received; and I am not alone in this, for my neighbors who receive it find more than the cost of the same in good, solid information.

A lady friend who has watched my progress with my plants presented me last evening with *Gray's Lessons in Botany*, with the Manual, two volumes in one, and I suppose my next move will be to try and master what I can of it. This will be, no doubt, pleasant as well as profitable work.

Trusting that you may find this sketch of my hobby of interest, and the love of what God hath given us may be successfully applied, and that you may succeed in the good work, is the earnest wish of—E. B. S., *Trenton, New Jersey*.

## NOTES FROM AUSTRALIA.

MR. VICK:—Myself and friends, amongst whom I am in the habit of circulating your very interesting serial, continue to experience much pleasure in its perusal, and some of them profit by the hints and suggestions contained. It is, in a gardening sense, the sere and yellow leaf period (July 26th) with us, and flowers, save with some few exceptions, are noticeable by their absence; but in a month or so we shall revel in floral profusion. In your January number one of your correspondents refers to the fact of flowers being used as "personal adornments." We colonists, speaking for our ladies, are very fond of this species of ornamentation, and at most evening affairs a number of ladies will be found with some bright and generally appropriately-selected blossom in her hair, and at our Mayor's ball a few weeks since, quite a tip-top affair, the more gaudy tiara or head-dress of gold and precious stones was in many cases dispensed with in favor of the more simple and tasty beauties of nature cunningly woven in the mazes of the hair. On one of the tables was an elegant automatic fountain and flower stand, from the manufactory of Mr. S. FREEMAN, of Racine, Wis. The various corridors and vestibules were converted into impromptu conservatories by the introduction of pot plants and Ferns. I give you these details to show how the love of the beautiful in flowers obtains among us.

I find also in the *MAGAZINE* a paper on Sparrows, and as we of this colony claim to know something about Sparrows, I beg to be allowed to furnish the *alteram partem* of this subject. Taken in the abstract, as an ornithological specimen, I admire the dusky, impudent, cunning little feathered fowl. I like his pluck, and his very pugnacity is amusing, but as some one says, "We may have too much of a good thing." So with the Sparrow, we find to our cost. We are visited—for our sins, I suppose—by an Acclimatisation Society, and, *inter alia*, they have introduced the Sparrow, the Rabbit and the Hare (of the latter hereafter.) I am not an entomologist, or I might be able to exhibit by figures the fecundity of some insects, but, certainly, the Sparrow distances them all in his remarkable reproductiveness. From a few imported in cages twenty years since, there are now myriads, and, for destructiveness, the Locust is nothing to him, and what is worse, like the Old Dog Tray of the song, nothing will drive him away! He laughs at scare-crow effigies, pooh-poohs at guns, and goes on his predatory career against fruit and seeds of any kind, and much as I admire to see an old familiar friend about me, I would give my vote for an



extradition treaty as regards Sparrows. Our Masonic Hall, a noble building, with Corinthian pillars with floresque capitals, forms a series of centers of population from which they cannot be dislodged, and they increase and multiply without let or hindrance to the damage of every garden in the neighborhood. I saw, the other day, a Pigeon house which had been actually taken possession of by them, and, as the owner said, he believed the Pigeons actually stood in awe of the invaders, who were masters of the situation by reason of their numbers.

The Rabbits, too, have become such a nuisance that their destruction has occupied parliamentary attention, and the land owners of certain districts actually pay head-money for their destruction, and they are daily marketed by thousands and sell at about 9d. to 1s. per pair retail.

The Hare, also, finds this country agrees with him and becomes a terror, with his brother rodent, to all producers, eating young plants, rinding or barking trees, &c. Our people are much given to coursing with long dogs, and this keeps them down a little, but it is to be feared that it will be necessary to reduce their numbers or check their increase, unless we are to be eaten off the face of the earth.

In reclaiming lands from the wild luxuriance of nature—what is understood as “clearing”—much may be done to beautify at the same time. I was through a “home” some time since, and observed that the proprietor, when laying out the immediate vicinity of his house, had so arranged his plan that some large tree stumps which would have cost much time and labor to eradicate, were left in salient positions, and, the heart having been burnt out a good depth, a large and natural flower-pot was made, while creepers trained up the outside gave a very natural as well as tasty appearance.—S. W. VINEY, *Sandhurst, Victoria, Australia.*

#### BALSAM APPLE.

MR. JAMES VICK:—The August number of the MAGAZINE contains an excellent illustrated and well-written article on Gourds and Grasses, and I noticed that at the conclusion of the article on Gourds, the writer has a few brief remarks on the *Momordica Balsamina*, or Balsam Apple, or, as it is called by some, the Squirting Cucumber, and as it is not as extensively known and cultivated as it should be, a few remarks on its habits and culture may not be out of place.

The *Momordica* is a half-hardy annual belonging to the natural order, *Cucurbitaceæ*, and is a native of India, whence it was introduced in 1568. In its native country it is said to attain a height of ten feet, but in cultivation

I find that it will grow over twenty-five feet in a single season, at the same time covering considerable space, if planted in a well-prepared border and a little attention be paid to training it.

The *Momordica* is an interesting plant, with handsome and very ornamental foliage, the flowers being of a golden yellow color, and the fruit of a roundish, ovate shape, remotely tubercled in longitudinal rows, and of an orange color when ripe. The fruit, when fully ripe, bursts open somewhat irregularly, thus disclosing its crimson interior and its seeds and the half-liquid, pulpy matter in which they are contained. When ripe, the fruit is very soft and will not bear handling.

In Syria, the fruit of the *Momordica* is universally esteemed, and is famous for curing wounds and bruises. For this purpose they cut open the unripe fruit and infuse it in sweet oil. The vessel containing the oil and fruit is then exposed to the sun for several days, or until the oil has become red, and it is applied to the wound by being dropped on cotton.

The *Momordica* is often allowed to ramble over rockwork, stumps of trees, &c., for which purpose it is very useful on account of its rapid, healthy growth, and its perfect freedom from insects. It is a plant of very easy cultivation. The seed can be sown in a hot-bed at any time during the month of April, in a pot or pan of well-drained, light soil; place the seeds on their edges and cover slightly; water occasionally, and as soon as they are strong enough to handle, pot off into four-inch pots, using ordinary potting soil; shade carefully until well established, pinch back the plants occasionally so as to obtain strong and stocky plants. Gradually expose to the open air, and plant out when all danger of frost is over in a place prepared for it, by digging the soil to the depth of two feet and working in a good portion of well-rotted stable manure or leaf-mold. The seed can also be planted in the open ground after May 6th, with very fair success, and support should be given the plants as soon as they commence to run.—CHARLES E. PARNELL, *Queens, L. I.*

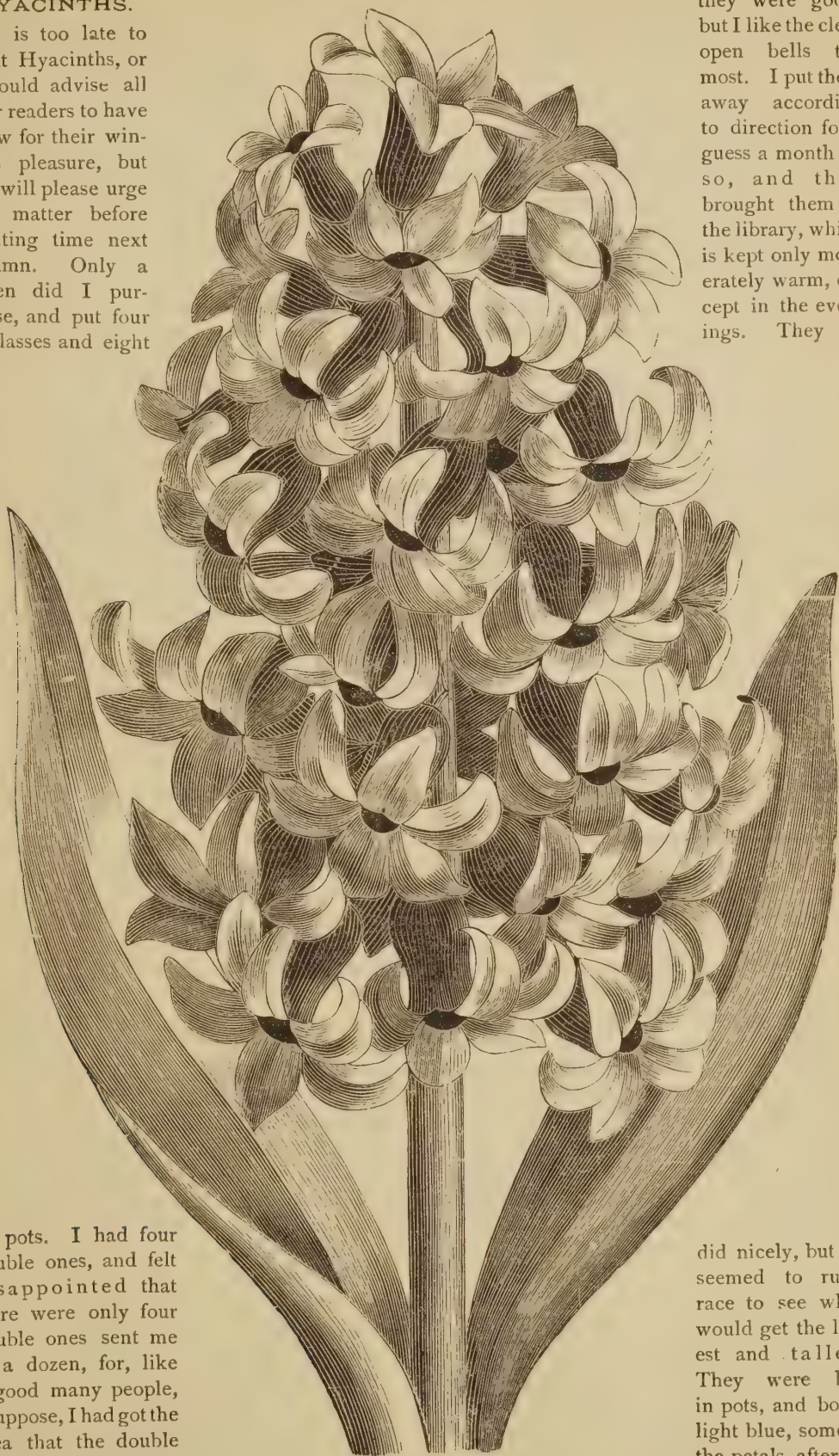
EARLY CORN.—I wish to say to your readers that the two best early varieties of Corn I have ever tried, are Early Minnesota, for first early, and Russell's Prolific next. Indeed, with a little Evergreen for late, I have used none other for three years. Some in my neighborhood are using a small white Corn for early, that is neither sweet nor wrinkled. Please advise the planting of a little Corn Salad this fall. If this information will be of any value to your readers, it is at your service.—AN OLD GARDENER.



## HYACINTHS.

It is too late to plant Hyacinths, or I would advise all your readers to have a few for their winter's pleasure, but you will please urge this matter before planting time next autumn. Only a dozen did I purchase, and put four in glasses and eight

they were good, but I like the clear open bells the most. I put them away according to direction for I guess a month or so, and then brought them to the library, which is kept only moderately warm, except in the evenings. They all



in pots. I had four double ones, and felt disappointed that there were only four double ones sent me in a dozen, for, like a good many people, I suppose, I had got the idea that the double were the best, and

did nicely, but two seemed to run a race to see which would get the largest and tallest. They were both in pots, and both a light blue, some of the petals, after be-



ing open a few days, almost white. They were planted in November, for I had not thought of it before, and my first flowers appeared about the last of January, and they were in good condition until late in March, more than six weeks from the time the first flower appeared until they ceased to be pleasant to look upon. The large trusses of flowers remained good to the last, and I send you one of them. Though somewhat faded, you will see its size and form. I am sorry I did not preserve the names, but this is my first season with such flowers. Will do better next time, though I think the flowers will not be able to do better.—ELLEN, *April 2, 1880.*

#### GARDEN TASTE IN WASHINGTON.

MR. VICK:—If you will allow suggestions from an amateur devotee of lawn, garden, fruits and flowers, I shall highly appreciate the compliment. Such favors are always encouraging to young people, stimulating them to greater effort, and sooner or later leading to success. In order that you may better comprehend my present purpose, I desire first to present a concise statement of my position. I have half an acre of ground, a miniature Eden, situated on the chain of hills which constitute the north-western boundary of the city of Washington, in full view of the National Capitol, the Potomac river, and Alexandria. The elevation at this point is about fifty feet above the city, while in the rear is a ravine of about the same depth, one of the most unfavorable positions, naturally, for moisture. The soil is intensely stony, with a friable clay cropping out on the lower level of the slope to the north, where the orchard, vineyard and garden are situated, the lawn and flower garden being to the south and east of a neat brick cottage which has some pretention to architectural style, being a design of your former townsman, HENRY R. SEARL. Now, it is a firm conviction with me, that if, with these unfavorable conditions, I can make a success here, it will form an excellent criterion for cultivating and beautifying all this region of country. Success here would certainly be encouraging to those who are, in a majority of cases, more favorably located, yet who have up to the present time left the naturally beautiful surroundings of our nation's capital an almost barren waste, compared with what it should be as the capital city of a great people. This, above all places in our country, should be the point for the highest development of the æsthetic. Labor, to be sure, is the great requisite for success, but careful observation of the requirements of the soil, the climate and position, presented in a concise manner, would re-

duce this labor to a mere pastime, and our city and the surrounding country would blossom as the Rose. A few pretty, tasteful places as a sample of what may be done in the neighborhood of such a town as ours, is sure to win hundreds of devotees into like efforts to unfold the manifold beauties of God's creation, which far exceeds, in the soul-satisfaction it gives both the young and old, all the developments of science and the arts in other directions.

It is almost the universal exclamation of strangers, people of taste, who behold for the first time the comparatively uncultivated and unbeautified suburbs, "Why such a wilderness within almost a stone's throw of gorgeous piles of architecture of which any nation might be proud!" The country for miles around is a gently rolling one, dotted with groups of the grand old Oak. Why cannot the lovers of the useful and the beautiful organize a powerful crusade to possess this land so naturally attractive and which offers so much promise?

My object in communicating with you is to ask you to accept the \*leadership of such an organization, to contribute your wide experience and effort through your popular periodicals, to redeem, in the eyes of the world, the chief city of a great nation, now almost entirely in the hands of the nomads. Just think of it for a moment—with the exception of what has been done by the Peter's pence of the army at the Soldiers' Home, and appropriations of the general government in the larger parks, the pruning hook in this vicinity is a novelty. A few of the faithful possess a foothold here and there, but aside from these, individual effort is as scarce as trees upon the high seas. The faithful here are ready for action, and await prayerfully with open arms to receive the great army of occupation. For the glory of the nation, we hope the campaign will be opened at once. There is an abundance of natural material here to sustain your command until a thorough subjugation can be effected.

We have a rich, friable clay that may be mixed with the light gravel portions of our soil to aid in retaining moisture during our dry season. We have in great abundance the Cedar to aid us in rustic decoration, and by an experiment of my own the rustic lawn chair is placed within the reach of all lovers of the useful and the beautiful. The Oak and other stumps which contribute so much to the desolate appearance of the landscape, may be placed in

\* If it is honor our friend desires us to have, we shall not oppose it very strongly, provided he take command himself and personally lead the forces. We shall look for a large increase to our subscription list from Washington for our next volume.—ED.



position upon any lawn, and with the aid of rough Cedar poles a seat be built in front of its up-turned roots, making the seat of barrel staves laid upon three-inch strips, the arms of crooked roots. Then plant Morning Glories, Honeysuckle, &c., around its roots, and you have the handsomest lawn chair in the world. The stump may be cut close to the root, and will then admit of being placed next to the house or wall, if desired, or a circular seat may be built around the stump, the roots answering for a double back. The individual parking in the city which the government forced upon an unwilling people a few years since, with the few exceptions named, still presents that interminable sea of green, that becomes monotonous from its sameness. The lawn chairs here suggested, from the uniqueness and great variety of forms which they may be made by skillful hands to assume, would add a feature of much beauty and lend a picturesqueness to city that would certainly be refreshing.

I am willing to contribute to this enterprise of beautifying our national capital and its lovely surroundings, and to this end I have entrenched myself in a commanding strategical position, massing all the forces of nature to present a bold front that will win many to the support of God's cause, the good, the useful and the beautiful.

One of the most creditable suggestions ever made for the permanent improvement of Washington is that of Lieutenant GREEN, Assistant Engineer of the District, and which, if carried into effect, would be a lasting monument, surpassed by no other city in the world. He proposes to preserve for all future time the magnificent view of the capitol, the city, the Potomac, and the gorgeous panorama which her harbor presents of spreading sail, swift-plying steamers, and great ships of war, marking upon the surface of her bosom the ever changing figures of their varied courses. This great work is to be accomplished by the construction of a drive of good width along the crest of the chain of hills to the north of the town, which mark its present boundary. These lovely hills are never to be marred again by such an unsightly excavation as that committed by the barbarous engineering of the nomads in the extension of Sixteenth street, leaving a horrid gap looking like a channel torn out by the mountain torrents in the "bad lands" of the far west. This will be filled up or bridged over for the proposed drive, and when the streets of the city are extended, as is proposed, it will be by a gradual ascent to the drive, and beyond that point the streets will assume their uniform direction, as within the present city

limits. This accomplished, it will be a crowning glory both for the city and for the engineer.  
—W. S., *Washington, D. C.*

#### MILK-WEED.

MR. EDITOR:—I ought not to ask excuse for a love of wild nature, because I am a farmer, and the chief business of a farmer is to tame nature; and especially of the editor of a journal devoted to the vegetable beauties as VICK'S ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE is. But then, you know, farmers don't work to assist wild nature, but to subjugate her. The one idea is clean fields and fence rows; even a piece of woodland must be free of undergrowth, specially of weeds and briars, in order to tickle the pride of a spruce, well-to-do farmer. Everything he possesses must show the marks of his cultivating care upon it. Nothing must look careless, and consequently nothing natural, but all cultivated. This, however, does not prove the farmer to be beyond the genial influences of primitive nature, to see which he will endure fatigue and spend means lavishly, but not at home. The bob-tailed horse tickles the nabob, but only excites the pity and contempt of the naturalist. Vegetation and domesticated animals thrive well together. The one feeds the other, and the other the one, and both feed the farmer. But where is the wild animal to go, and what to eat? Must the Partridge, the Squirrel and the beautiful Pheasant go with the Indian, to death, or to the domestic servitude of the spruce money lover? Cannot these share life with us? Not a Hawthorn, a Pokeberry, a briar nor a "weed" must fruit or seed upon square leagues of this clean farming. Even the semi-domestic Robin is a thief, to be shot for his temerity, if he happens to stop as he passes by at a chance Grape vine or Cherry tree for a feed! In Pennsylvania not more than one-half of what the land in cultivation is capable of producing, under high culture, is realized.

Why not, then, make profit off the one-half, and pleasure for self, and life and liberty for beautiful, harmless animals off the other half? I tolerate many a "weed," one of which I have taken some pains to bring to the notice of cotton manufacturers, without success, as there is no machinery suitable to prepare its fiber for the carder and spinner. But now I have the pleasure to see it noticed in the *German town Telegraph*, as follows: "A brilliant and useful future is predicted for the Milk-weed, which has heretofore been considered only a cumberer of the ground. Its seeds yield a finer oil than linseed; its gum can be used in place of India-rubber, and from its floss a fibre



resembling Irish poplins has been made. If true, all will rejoice." The plant is an *Asclepias*, but the species I cannot so easily determine.—SIGMA.

*Asclepias Cornuti* is the species to which attention has been directed as a fibre plant, and is the one alluded to in the quotation above, from the *Germantown Telegraph*.

#### SCILLA SIBERICA.

MR. VICK :—I think one of the prettiest little blue flowers in the world is the *Scilla Siberica*, and as there is now much call for blue flowers, its introduction may be of some benefit. If planted in the autumn, in the garden, it makes its appearances very early in the spring, with



the *Crocus*, and I know of no little flower more charming. It is of the most intense blue, and the flower-stem is only about four inches in height, and appears before a leaf, and is just the thing for a button-hole. The bulbs are small, and the flowers look best when planted in a little clump, say half a dozen, or more, together. There is another excellent variety, *Scilla campanulata*.—AMATEUR.

#### DIANTHUS AND CELOSIA IN FLORIDA.—

"This is a most trying climate for annuals," writes RICHARD LEE, of Waldo, Florida, "but the *Dianthus* and *Celosia* bear our scalding summer suns bravely, especially the latter, and I can strongly recommend both for the South."

#### GLADIOLUS IN TENNESSEE.—

Mrs. W. L. ROSSER, of Walter Hill, Tennessee, writes :—"The *Gladioli* were lovely, and so cheap, for so much beauty."

#### AUTUMN SONG.

The stubble fields are sere and brown;  
A rain of leaves is falling,  
Where, in the edges of the wood,  
A lonesome quail is calling.  
The frost has kindled, here and there,  
Among the Oak trees sober,  
And in the Maples on the hill  
The bonfires of October.

The ripened nuts are dropping down  
With slow and steady patter,  
And all the woods resound to-day  
With squirrels' chirp and chatter.  
They watch their harvest as it falls,  
While plaintively the plover  
To vanished lark and robin calls,  
Whose summer stay is over.

The flowers of the summer days  
Are dead by roadside hedges,  
Save here and there a Daisy-bloom  
Along the meadows' edges.  
Oh, saddest time of all the year!  
In spring's bright balmy weather  
Will all dear things that disappear  
Come back again together?

EBEN E. REXFORD.

#### THE FRINGED GENTIAN.

"Here Gentian's dainty heads arise,  
With careless grace, the breeze evading;  
And little buds, with steadfast eyes,  
Look up into the azure skies  
Until they match their shading."

I found along the banks of the outlet of Canandaigua Lake some fine specimens of the Fringed Gentian. This flower has been a favorite with BRYANT, and he has written a sonnet on its beauties, which is much admired. Its beautiful shade of blue, and its finely cut edges, mark it as different from many wild flowers. There are several species in this neighborhood, and I hope to get some other varieties—one in particular, with smaller flowers, but a more profuse bloomer. This is a very pleasant season for searching the woods, and lovers of nature should avail themselves of the privilege before the frost and cold weather entirely destroy the vegetation.—A. B. S., *Canandaigua, New York*.

TREATMENT OF HOLLYHOCKS.—In accordance with your suggestion, I cut out the flower-stems of some of my Hollyhocks, and now I find some of them thus treated have thrown up from six to twelve flowering stems about two feet in height, and bearing plenty of flowers. In this way they make handsome autumn plants, and give flowers after they are gone when treated in the ordinary way, and this would be of advantage to florists for cut flowers. Still, I am anxious about the effect on the plants, which next summer will show. Perhaps I cut them back too early and too severely.—W. ELLIS.



## A GOOD FALL PLANT.

MR. VICK:—A walk in the garden this morning shows unmistakable signs of approaching winter; quite a number of our favorite flowers are out of bloom, and some have shed their leaves, still it was an easy matter to gather a very choice bouquet. The border of Perennial Phlox offers many small, compact heads of beautiful flowers; the Sweet Pea hedge is sprinkled with lively tints of single blooms, while, of course, Pansies are by no



JAPAN ANEMONE.

means scarce; the Perennial Larkspurs throw up, here and there, a late flower stem of intense blue. Our Double Daisy bed gave us some splendid flowers—pink, white, and rose; we also gathered some very fine dwarf Blue Bells, Pinks, and fine Grasses; but our plants of white Japan Anemones are now covered with bloom, and so attractive that the neighbors have to stop and enquire the name of them, where they can be had, and all about them. They certainly do look lovely at this time of year, October, when the blooming season for most plants is fast passing away.—M. P., *Parma, N. Y.*

## MY RHODE ISLAND GARDEN.

Forgive the liberty taken in expressing the pleasure I have experienced this summer from the beauteous show of flowers my little garden has displayed. The few seeds I sent for, have given the greatest satisfaction. My Verbenas turned out five different shades of color, and had some of the finest blooms I ever saw. My Dianthus, with their sparkling colors, and beautiful white fringe, were charming; and those fiery Salvias were brilliant. I must not forget those fine Marigolds, the kind I do not recollect seeing during the twenty-four years I

have been in the country, although I was quite familiar with them in my youth, and I assure you, though in my seventy-fourth year, I seemed to feel a wave of youth come over me. The Cannas I could not understand; they did not come up. I dug them up two or three times, and they were still hard, black shot; but, at last, I looked at the GUIDE, and saw that I should have soaked them in warm water, which I had failed to do. So, better late than never, I did it, and just cracked the black skin with my thumb-nail, and tried them again, and, to my satisfaction, they were soon up; one of them has now about a dozen fine, broad leaves. Last, but not least, is my Castor Oil Bean, the reigning monarch of my little garden, standing to a towering height of nearly ten feet, spreading its branches over a circuit of full nine feet in diameter, some of the branches measuring over seven feet from the main stem, the crown flower measuring over two feet, and the main stem is seven and three-fourth inches in circumference.

My Wistaria bloomed this year for the first time, producing two large clusters. My Jessamine, planted last spring, has borne several blossoms, and has more coming out. I don't know whether it would live out of doors or not. The Jessamine I was acquainted with in the old country grew out of doors all the time, quite large, thick bushes, trained and nailed to the house, bearing white and yellow blossoms, the yellow buds resembling our English Cowslip buds. If my life was spared, and I was a man of means, I should feel pleasure in cultivating an endless variety of the beauties of nature our Heavenly Father has given us to beautify and make pleasant our homes. What pleasure I took in early days in going out viewing the beauties of nature. I have thought how much of the young beauties of spring is lost by the young men of our day, who spend their time at the saloon and billiard table. In my rural rambles, when I was young, I was often constrained to break out in the language of the poet and sing—

"All nature shows, in various views,  
Her Great Creator's praise;  
The birds they sing, while on the wing,  
In soft and pleasing lays.

"The lofty hills, the solid rocks,  
Say there's a God above;  
The sun's bright beams and liquid streams  
Say they are rul'd by love."

—JOHN HARNEY, *Westerly, R. I.*

The Jasmines are not hardy in the north.

WEEDS.—Allowing weeds to ripen their seeds in the garden, late in the season, makes a great deal of trouble for the future.





### OUR WILD PLANTS IN ENGLAND.

Our readers would be surprised if they could know how great a variety of hardy plants from all parts of the world are brought under cultivation for ornament in Great Britain and Europe. Some of the plants of our fields and prairies that we should consider least likely to be so employed find favor in the eyes of our trans-atlantic cousins. Some notes from a recent number of *The Garden* will show this much more clearly than any statements we can make.

One of the Rosin-weeds, sometimes called Polar-plant, and Compass-plant, that grows commonly on the prairies, is thus mentioned:—"If the Compass-plant (*Silphium laciniatum*) had not a good name already, I should be inclined to invent one for it, because I was very much surprised to see at Mr. ROBERT PARKER'S, the other day, one of its large Daisy-like flowers thrown against the sky by a stem twelve feet high! In those days of the use of Daisies of all kinds in art and in vases, it would have been a very suggestive object to many. It is a gigantic American Composite plant, with large and fine foliage, and large, Sunflower-like blossoms, seldom freely produced. It is best fitted for association with hardy plants of vigorous habit and remarkable foliage."

One of our Cone-flowers, *Rudbeckia hirta*, frequently seen in fields and waste places, which no one sees there without admiring, but which no one thinks of cultivating, since it is so common, receives a share of attention and homage.

"We have seen many fine effects produced by the massing of hardy flowers, but never have we beheld such a gorgeous display as that which we saw a few days ago in Sir GEORGE MACLEAY'S garden, at Pendell Court. It consisted of a bed eighteen feet square of *Rudbeckia hirta*, one of the showiest of the North American Cone-flowers, which was a complete mass of color, the bright yellow of the florets being toned down, as it were, by the prominent, black, central cone in each flower head. In

the center of the bed was a thriving young Deodar, the gracefully drooping branches of which being of a bluish-gray tint, set off the *Rudbeckia* to advantage. This style of arranging hardy flowers in masses is much practiced by Mr. GREEN, and thereby he obtains some excellent effects. It has taken him three years to work up a sufficient stock of this *Rudbeckia* to form the fine mass in question, but another season he intends to have another mass of it, so pleased is he with the present results."

### CARDINAL FLOWER IN ENGLAND.

Our scarlet-flowering *Lobelia*, *L. cardinalis*, that is so gay in late summer and early autumn in the edges of woods and shady banks and ditches, forms a "Leaflet" by *Justicia* in *The Garden*. "The most brilliant flowers that have ever graced my room are spikes of the Cardinal flower, grown in Mr. LEOPOLD ROTHSCILD'S garden at Ascott. The flowering portion alone of the shoots is eighteen inches long. The most gorgeous blooms of the new large Tiger-flower, *Tigridia grandiflora*, look quite sordid beside them, and yet people say we cannot get 'color' at this season from hardy flowers. In this noble Cardinal flower we have the finest form as well as color, compared with which that of the finest *Pelargonium* is inconspicuous. Then the individual flower is also beautiful. Put this flower in a long heavy line, or too heavy masses, and its beauty is half lost, or neutralized by other flowers, but place a group—three or four spikes—in a quiet place in a bed of choice shrubs or *Rhododendrons*, and then the color of it is more splendid than words can give any idea of."

TENTS FOR FLOWER-BEDS.—The flower-beds in the London parks are covered at night, when the weather gets cool, with tents made to fit them. By this means they are kept in fine condition until late in the season. At night the parks present the appearance of a camp.





A REACH OF PARK WATER.

**VENEZUELAN BOXWOOD.**

Boxwood is becoming so very scarce and dear that numerous other woods have been tried, as substitutes for it, for the finer wood engravings; none has heretofore been found its equal. Now we learn that a wood that grows in Venezuela, Central America, has been found to possess the necessary qualities, and is being exported from Puerto Cabello to Hamburg for engravers' use. The wood in Venezuela is called *Amarilla Yema de huevo*, meaning yolk-colored, as that is the tint of the wood, resembling very nearly the color of Boxwood. The tree is *Aspidosperma Vargasii* and belongs to the Dogbane order, or Apocynaceæ. The wood is said to be similar in its structure, and in the fineness of its grain, to the wood of the Box tree.

**A WORD ABOUT PARKS.**

I was much interested in America in being shown your parks, but I do not recollect seeing anything in the country that could be called a park until I reached California, and then I saw some of the finest parks in the world—thousands of acres, with here and there groups of Live Oaks or Sugar Pines, or some of the other gorgeous evergreens of the Pacific coast, the names of which were unknown to me. What you call parks in America are well-kept gardens, many of them in the highest style of

garden art, while a park proper is an uncultivated piece of ground, in its natural state, with here and there single specimens or clusters of trees, the grass being kept short by deer, sheep and other animals. A sheet of water is a wonderful addition to one of these natural parks, though I have often seen them injured by the introduction of water artificially.—TEDDINGTON, *on the Thames*.

Our correspondent gives the true idea of a park, as any one may be seen by consulting a dictionary, but of late years bedding has been introduced. In this connection we give an engraving of a sheet of park water.

**VIRGINIA CREEPER IN ENGLAND.**

The English people, as much as our own, admire the Virginia Creeper and plant it freely, although it must exhibit its beauties by the side of the old Ivy endeared by a thousand associations and memories. A writer in a late number of the *Gardener's Chronicle* says:

"At the present time a plant of *Ampelopsis*, Virginia Creeper, is in full beauty on the walls of a cottage in the village here. The curious thing is that the leaves upon the north are changing color soonest—the plant is trained upon the north and east walls. Is it, then, the cold instead of the influence of the solar rays that causes the change to come about in this way? Every one is aware that trees lose their leaves rapidly upon the approach of cold, but I think



color is usually ascribed to a different cause. At any rate, the plant in question is beautiful to look upon at the present time; it is not over-trained, and the blending of leaves already colored and changing color with those that are still green, is both pretty and effective. The best effect is produced where the long, pendant streamers (late growths, still green), are naturally interwoven with the large leaves now bronzy red, and occasionally lit up with a gleam of sunshine."

#### ENGLISH NAMES FOR FLOWERS.

The desire on the part of some for English names for all flowers has led a popular horticultural writer in England to make the attempt to give common names to correspond to the Latin ones. The result is not very satisfactory when the practical test of use is applied. Still, there are those that favor a more general application of English names, and those that discourage it, so that between the two parties there is a little spicy writing done in the gardening journals. One party gives the following: "The young man who showed an inquisitive party of rustics round the garden, and told them that the *Oenothera taraxacæfolia* was the 'Rorum-Snorum grandiflorum,' had a fine appreciation of the situation. 'Tam,' said a neighbor, 'what for did ye tell them sic a lee?' 'Man,' was the reply, 'they'll mind it langer than the richt ane.'"

#### TALL TREES.

In the *Gardener's Chronicle* we find a good story told by J. W., of Edinburgh, as follows: "In a village over which the sun will perchance one day cast the shadow of the Forth Bridge, and filled with surprise at the thought of its elevation, I went to church, little expecting that my estimate of height was destined to be completely dwarfed. The text was, 'The righteous shall flourish like the Palm tree, and appropriate enough were the analogies which the grandiloquent speaker drew from its upward, undeviating, and inwardly-increasing (endogenous) growth. But these were tame compared with the aspect the figure wore when the preacher assured his hearers that this tree sometimes reached the height of a thousand feet! 'Where is the candidate from?' I inquired. 'America,' was the reply." Like the neighbor in the foregoing anecdote, we would inquire, "Tam, what for did ye tell sic a lee?"

**DISEASE IN LILIES.**—The English horticultural journals complain of a disease in Lilies. The stalk is attacked on the side facing the south. There seems to be no fungus, the disease resembling the Potato rot.

#### A NOVEL SURPRISE.

Queen VICTORIA, some weeks since, visited Balmoral, Scotland, and, as is her custom on this trip, breakfasted at the Perth refreshment rooms, where a suite of rooms were specially prepared for her. Some of her admiring subjects had prepared a little surprise for her by sending there six large Peach trees, grown in pots, from the gardens of the Earl of Mansfield. The trees, laden with fruit, were ranged along the rooms. The difficulty of preventing the fruit from falling by the shaking and jarring received on the passage was overcome by having each Peach kept in position by a neat, black elastic band securing it to the branch. "The novelty of the thing was a general source of attraction, and the quality of the fruit was such that Her Majesty preferred them to those grown in the ordinary way and served on dishes."

#### WALKS AND DRIVES FREE FROM WEEDS.

In our own experience, we have found gas-lime a most excellent material for spreading over gravel walks, and mixing with the gravel to prevent the growth of grass and weeds. We learn that arsenic is used for the same purpose in England, and in the following manner: Arsenic to the amount of three pounds is boiled in three gallons of water, and to this mixture, when it is cold, seven gallons of water are added. Thus diluted, this quantity is enough to cover ninety feet of walks nine feet wide. It is distributed from a zinc tank mounted on three wheels, having a spreader or sprinkler in the back part of it. It is customary to give the walks an annual dressing of the arsenic solution, by which they are kept free from weeds.

#### OWNERSHIP OF A PLANT.

To be possessor of a flower it is not sufficient to say its mine; it is not enough to love or admire it; it is requisite thoroughly to understand it in all its parts, to appreciate all its harmonies, to know its affinities, the place it occupies among other plants, the region it inhabits, or in which it may dwell. We must be initiated into its sympathies and preferences as into its antipathies; we must know its temperament, its caprices, its tendencies, its passions, its instincts, and its soul!—A FRENCH WRITER.

**FLOWERS LIKE IN AMERICA.**—A native of Ahmednagan, India, writes: "I want your MAGAZINE, for I am trying to make a garden and long to see some flowers like I hear you have in America."



## PLEASANT GOSSIP.

### WINTER CARE OF PLANTS.

MR. VICK :—Will you be kind enough to inform some of your readers in this vicinity as to the proper treatment during the winter of the Calla Lily, with variegated foliage. Must it be kept in dry sand, or will it live among my house plants. I have been told that it will die if removed to the house during winter. It did not bloom this summer, although it grew nicely. Is it a summer bloomer?

How often ought the *Hoya carnosa* to be repotted, and when is the best time to do it? How old must it be before blooming?

Does the **FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN** give instructions about cooking new vegetables? What is the proper method for preparing Brussels Sprouts for the table? How do you keep Salsify during the winter?

I wrote you once before, but had no reply. Why was it? Are your new correspondents required to deposit money to insure a reply.—A. L., *Grand Junction, Ia.*

The Spotted or Variegated Calla usually blooms during the spring months. After that time it can be kept along until the middle or last of August when it will show signs of resting, and the water can be gradually withdrawn, but the plants can remain in the pots and stand in a place a little shaded. When frosty weather comes, take the plants into the house, giving them a cool place, but let them remain dry until the last of January. Then the plants can be either shifted into larger pots, or a large part of the ball of earth can be removed and replaced by fresh soil in the same pot; after this, give water and more heat, and bring them into growth again for spring blooming. This is the yearly course. This plant is more prized for its foliage than its flowers, and it is no particular loss if it does not bloom.

The *Hoya* does not require frequent repotting. When it is done, it should be in early winter, or when it is comparatively at rest. How old it must be before blooming depends entirely upon the treatment. We cannot give any exact time—they often bloom the second year from the cutting—that is under the most favorable circumstances.

The **FLOWER AND VEGETABLE GARDEN** contains no instructions about cooking. Brussels Sprouts are cooked in the same manner as Cabbage; they are also excellent pickled.

Salsify can either be left in the ground all

winter and dug when wanted, or it can be taken up and placed in sand in a dry cellar.

We cannot say why you had no reply to your previous inquiry; we have no knowledge that we received it. We endeavor to answer all correspondents as promptly as possible and require no fee for doing so. Occasionally the character of an inquiry is such as to require some time before a proper answer can be given, but there is never any intentional neglect or delay.

### MIXED HYACINTHS FOR HOUSE CULTURE.

I want to say that I have had very good success with mixed Hyacinths in the house, although you do not recommend them for that purpose. I think they would be used that way much more than at present if it were known what an amount of pleasure they would yield for so little money.—Miss L. M. S., *Winchester, Mass.*

We do not recommend mixed Hyacinths for forcing, because we consider named varieties, as usually sent out by the Dutch bulb-growers, better for that purpose; and we always like to advise the best way of doing a thing. We know that the quality of mixed bulbs is often as good as the named varieties, but sometimes it is not so, although they may prove very satisfactory in the garden. We do not hesitate to say, however, that our friends who may experiment with mixed bulbs in the house will very likely receive excellent results.

### ANGLE WORMS IN FLOWER BED.

MR. JAMES VICK :—I have a flower-bed that I have used for Geraniums for several years, and the last two it has been so full of angle worms that they have killed a number of the plants. I want to know if salt sown on the bed this fall will kill the worms, and if it will be likely to injure the Geraniums another year.

I can correct a statement made in the **MAGAZINE** in regard to keeping Verbenas in the cellar. It has been stated they cannot be so kept. I have light windows in my cellar in which I keep the best varieties all winter, and they make better growing plants than those I buy.

Please answer my inquiry before it is too late to work the ground this fall.—Mrs. M. G., *Elizabeth, Ill.*

A dressing of salt this fall will do the bed no harm, and will be apt to drive away the worms. It would be well not only to use the salt as proposed, but to make a pretty heavy sowing of lime on the bed early in the spring.



## PLANTS FOR NAMES.

MR. VICK:—Enclosed I send you three different flowers to name. The small yellow flower grows on a bush which sometimes reaches a height of six feet, and if the weather is not too severe it will live through the winter, but it does not stand the cold well. I have had it to bloom from March until freezing weather comes. The large yellow flower, with dark center, is an annual, &c., &c.—M. H. R.

The yellow flower here described as growing on a bush is the flower of *Kerria Japonica*. This is a shrub considerably prized and cultivated on account of its singular yellow flowers that are globular in form. The branches are slender and flexible, with green bark. It is al-



most constantly in bloom, from spring to autumn. There is a variety of it with leaves having a white margin; it is more delicate in growth than the species described. *K. Japonica* is hardy in this section, only having the tips of its shoots winter-killed in very severe seasons. Our correspondent does not give his address, and we are therefore not able to compare climates.

The other flowers mentioned were in a ruinous condition when received, for the reason that they were placed in the letter as soon as gathered, were full of moisture, and from the crushing received in the mail became a mass of pulpy vegetable tissue.

We take this opportunity to make a few sug-

gestions to our friends who send flowers or parts of plants for names. It is desirable to have for examination at least several leaves, a part of a stem or branch, some flowers, and, if possible, some of the fruit. We sometimes, though seldom, receive such specimens in good order in a fresh state; when that is the case, they have been packed with unusual care in a box, with some holes for ventilation. As a rule, it will be found best to spread out the leaves and flowers as naturally as possible and press them between sheets of paper or the leaves of a book, changing them to fresh sheets every day until they are comparatively dry; this may take a week. The fruit of most plants may be managed in the same manner, using less weight for pressure than with the leaves and flowers. The specimens thus prepared will be sure to reach us in good condition for examination, whether sent in an envelope with a letter or, separately, in a box, when the specimens are large. The law allows the sender of a package of specimen seeds or plants to write his name upon it. The failure to do this often makes it impossible for us to know from whom packages are received. We are willing to aid our friends in identifying their plants, and if they will adopt the hints we have suggested, the course will prove a satisfaction to all parties.

## DOUBLE GLADIOLUS—A BEE-PLANT.

MR. VICK:—From your publications I have acquired much valuable information in the cultivation of flowers. I have had very good success with the seeds and bulbs I procured last spring. I had one dozen unnamed Gladioli. One bulb threw up two flower-stalks, the tallest having the thirty-four flowers, two of which I call double, having ten separate and perfect flower leaves. I have never seen but six leaves to a flower before, and would like to ask you if it is not an unusual freak. I send you the pressed flowers.

My Pearl Tuberose was beautiful; had thirty-five blossoms. My Stocks, Sweet Peas, Pansies, and Shell Flowers have been a perfect success, and admired by all. I would say to all that a paper of Pansy seeds and Sweet Peas will repay with beauty and sweetness a hundredfold.

Please tell me the name of the enclosed seeds. The plant is a perennial growing from three to four feet tall, has flowers, and when in blossom is covered with honey bees from morning till night.—MRS. G. W. E., *Valejo, California*.

The flowers received with the above were fine large specimens of Gladiolus, each with ten petals. We frequently have seedlings on our grounds producing similar flowers, but do not think the greater number of petals enhances the beauty of these flowers.

The seeds referred to are those of the French Honeysuckle, *Hedysarum coronarium*. This is an excellent bee-plant, as well as being handsome. It is a hardy perennial, and may be employed with advantage by bee-keepers.

## COCO GRASS.

Please tell me how to destroy Coco Grass. I have it in my flower bed so bad that it is killing some of my nicest plants, and I have tried everything I ever heard of to destroy it.—MRS. C. WALLISVILLE, *Texas*.

This Coco Grass is *Cyperus rotundus*. Wherever this plant gets a foothold, it is a most troublesome pest. Many of the finest sugar plantations of Louisiana have been entirely abandoned on account of it. From the base of its stem this plant sends downwards a foot or eighteen inches a thread, or what might be called an underground stem, that terminates in a little solid bulb or tuber. From this tuber fibres or threads extend in every direction, each of which is terminated by a tuber, and so the extension proceeds indefinitely. Any attempt to destroy the plants by ordinary plowing and cultivating only has the result of scattering the tubers, and thus assisting its further spread.

The only means known of extirpating the plant is to plow or hoe the ground continually for a year, never allowing the tubers to throw up a stem to the light. As they will be continually making this effort, in the end they will become exhausted and perish. In the case of our inquirer, if this plant is now confined to the flower garden, we should make a great effort to destroy it, and thus prevent its spread. The present site of the garden should be abandoned for a time at least, and any plants desirable to be kept should be removed to some other spot, using the greatest care to divest them of all soil when taken up, so as not to carry away any of the little tubers. After the ground is cleared, it should be dug over at least two spades deep, and a fine rake can be used to collect as many of the tubers as possible, and these can be burnt up. After working the ground over in this way, it should be hoed every few days at least for the year to come.

## PANCRACTIUM ROTATUM.

MR. VICK:—In one of your numbers you describe the *Pancratiun rotatum*. We have one brought from Cape Sable, Florida, six years ago. It is a native of the sea shore. It sent up a flower-stalk and had nine blossoms the next summer. The following year it had a number of small bulbous roots, which I removed. The plant has been grown in a ten-inch pot, with fresh sandy soil spring and fall, but has not since bloomed until now. It has two cup-shaped blossoms and six buds; the perfume is equal to the *Tuberose*. Can you recommend any particular treatment to cause it to bloom every year?—MRS. W. W. C., *Chicago, Ill.*

After the first of September, water should be withheld, and the bulbs allowed to dry off and should lie in a dormant condition for the next three months. In January the bulbs can be again started, and should be kept in a state of vigorous growth until the blooming season in summer.

## THE WISTARIA AS A STANDARD.

I observe some of the papers are recommending the Chinese *Wistaria* as a standard. Can it be made to grow in this way and make a tree without support? If so, they must be beautiful. Are such trees to be found in the nurseries?—M. B.

The English journals have been talking of this matter for some time. We have seen it tried, but not with great success. The *Wistaria* has naturally a weak stem, and needs support. By the right treatment it may be strengthened, but very little perhaps would be gained. Once upon a time some kind of a steam cannon was invented, and a day of trial was arranged at Portsmouth, England, to which the Lords of the Admiralty and the Duke of Wellington was invited. After the exhibition, which we believe was somewhat successful, opinions of its merits were freely expressed, but the Iron Duke said nothing. When urged to give his opinion, he replied that he was thinking—"thinking if this steam gun had been first invented, what a grand improvement gunpowder would have been." If the Chinese *Wistaria* had been a tree, and some one could have induced it to climb and cover our porches and arbors, and old trees and buildings, what a grand improvement it would have been.

## LEMON-SCENTED VERBENA.

I have examined carefully every number of the *MAGAZINE* this year to find some hints about starting Lemon-scented Verbenas. Please give some directions for propagating them. Will they grow from seed?—MRS. J. T., *Paris, Ont.*

The Lemon-scented Verbena, *Aloysia citriodora*, may be propagated either by layering or by cuttings of the green wood. At midsummer, cuttings inserted in the garden soil, with a little shade at first, will root; later in the season the cold frame, or the hot-bed, may be employed. Amateurs with no other conveniences may use only a pot of sand and a bell-glass, or a tumbler. The seed of this plant is not in the market, as no practice is made of increasing it in this manner.

TIME FOR ANOTHER HUMBUG.—It is about time for getting up an excitement on another humbug, to put money into the pockets of somebody—a new forage plant, for instance, might be tried again, although this lead has been pretty well worked, in the Prickley Comfrey and Pearl Millet business. The Sorghum lead may not be entirely exhausted. Some wonderful Sorghum might do for a year or two. The farmers will have some money this fall, and it may do them harm. It is best to get this root of all evil away from the honest sons of toil, for they are no more fit to be trusted with it than children with edged tools.



## A FEW QUESTIONS.

MR. VICK :—I would like to ask you a few questions. What pure white, single-blooming Geranium do you recommend as a house-plant for winter? When forcing Hyacinths for winter, you set the bulbs in a cool, dark place for a few weeks after potting. Is the treatment for Tulips, Crocus and Narcissus the same? Do Heliotropes in pots require much water? Is the annual Sweet Alyssum the same as that you have figured among the tender plants? You advertise three varieties, Variegated, Colossus and Double. Which makes the best basket plant for the house? Your MAGAZINE is constantly improving; we prize it very highly.—C. M. M., *Tuscola, Ill.*

Alba perfecta, Candadissima and Madame Amelia Baltet are the best double white Geraniums for winter flowering; White Tom Thumb and Snowflake the best single white. Tom Thumb is the best of all the white varieties for winter blooming and always gives satisfaction.

It is best for all bulbs after potting to set them in the dark for a while, where they will throw out their roots without making leaves.

Heliotropes, when growing rapidly, should be supplied freely with water. When somewhat dormant, they should be kept rather dry.

What is called Sweet Alyssum, is Alyssum maritimum, a natural species. The different kinds, Variegata, Colossus and Double White are varieties and are perpetuated by cuttings. The most thrifty-growing one, and which will usually prove most satisfactory, is Colossus; though both Variegata and Double White, from their novelty, are worthy the extra care they need in the way of attention to watering and supplying liquid manure to encourage their growth.

## AN OPEN LETTER.

MR. VICK :—You know how delightful it is to receive a beautiful present. Well, then, accept as graciously as possible my sincere commiseration in your behalf, that in the very nature of things you can never become the recipient of as charming a gift as it has just been my good fortune to receive. Some one who is blessed with the good taste and the good sense to know just what selection to make, has sent me, by mail, the two back volumes of VICK'S MAGAZINE, beautifully bound. I never before had books so artistically attractive outside and in, lying upon my parlor table. And never before had I books possessed of an interest that can never wane. So long as vines will climb and flowers bloom, these volumes will be forever new. Near my beauties are lying *Lothair* and *Middlemarch*, each one a model of its kind; and each the progeny of a sturdy intellect. But how few have ever given them a second reading. What subtle hold have they upon the daily lives, the æsthetic home interests of our best men and women, and the rapidly-

forming tastes of happy children? Compared therewith the interest in my new books will be perennial.

I am glad to have seen them before the coming Christmas, for now I know of no way to confer so much genuine pleasure in certain quarters with so little outlay. A certain eyewitness charges me with having greeted my gift with a delighted exclamation that was only cut short by— but it's too ridiculous to repeat; no woman, however silly, however glad, would kiss a book.

At the risk of becoming the envy of numerous of your lady readers, I charge you not to let an excess of modesty suppress this letter. I claim a right to have a hearing on this point. And excuse the too familiar style of a stranger. You have such a frank, out-spoken way of addressing your readers, that you make us feel as though you were a personal friend; and surely, many of the graces and beauties of our western homes attest to your capacity of conferring benefits and pleasures that do involve within themselves a sort of personal magic. For all of which accept the unstinted thanks of ONE BUCKEYE WOMAN.

## AUTUMN DAYS.

The hills are brilliant with the mantle of glory that covers them, in the fall days, these golden days that every lover of nature delights in. They are peculiar to the American climate; the English people know but little about them. Can I ever forget my first autumn in this country! I had been confined to my room by an illness that had nearly proved fatal, and, on those convalescing days, I sat and gazed on the woods. Such woods, such beauty, my English eyes had never before beheld, and I shall never forget my sensations in those half-dreaming, happy hours.

We have carried to the grave the loved mother of JOE and FRED. The autumn leaves that covered the casket seemed a fit emblem of her ripening, and beautiful and useful life. Poor JOE and FRED! We sauntered down to the creek together. How changed it looked! The water seemed clearer and brighter. How it glistened in the sunlight! It flowed calmly and unruffled by, and we could almost hear it repeat slowly to us its song,—

“Men may come and men may go,  
But I flow on forever.”

Not a zephyr disturbed the stillness. All nature sympathized with us. Angels ministered, and we heard the rustling wings, and felt gentle hands. The little purple Violet and fall Dandelion looked up at us with an expression we never saw before; the very stumps covered with

Moss and Lichens had a strange aspect of sadness and sympathy. The fallen trees, covered with verdure, appeared like ancient graves. The trees stood around with bowed heads, the sky looked as if it held a secret, and the clouds floated in great masses of foam, softer and whiter and purer than ever before. The silence was oppressive, and as we walked side by side, the boys picked up a few autumn leaves, carried them home and pressed them, and then labelled them with the date.

Beauty and sadness mingled! Who can say that that mother, whose spirit had so recently fled, was not looking at her boys from her home in the skies.—M. H. S.

#### THE RUSSIAN MULBERRY.

From Bower, Nebraska, we have received a leaf of Mulberry, of which an illustration is here given. It is called the Cut-leaved Russian Mulberry. Its history in this country and its characteristics are thus described: "This valuable and ornamental tree was brought to this country by the Russian Mennonites. Trees planted by them five years ago are now twenty feet high and six inches in diameter, and have born full crops of fruit since they were two years old. The tree is perfectly hardy; the timber hard and durable. Fence posts made



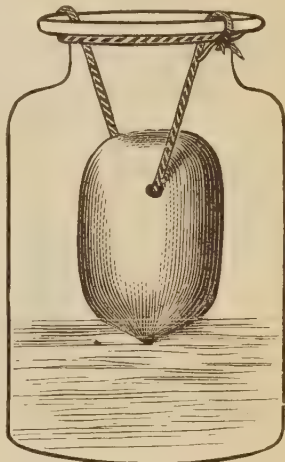
from it last equally as well as Red Cedar, or Catalpa. The bark is white, the branches drooping, are the leaves resemble the Oak." It is probably too soon yet to form a correct opinion regarding the durability of the timber, but, if it shall prove as valuable in this respect as now supposed, it will be a tree of great importance to the west.

There is another variety of Mulberry in the same section that was introduced into the country simultaneously with the above and by the same parties. This variety is called the Common Russian Mulberry, and is said to resemble the variety described, excepting that the leaves are like the American Mulberry, *Morus rubra*.

#### A MINIATURE OAK.

MR. VICK:—Winter gardening, or the idea of having living, growing plants around us during the dreary months, seems a happy one. The means are simple and easy of practice to almost every one. Children as well as older people can find delight in thus making home pleasant. Here is a way of having within our own doors an Oak tree, which, though in miniature, well preserves the marks of its parentage.

To do so, we must have a wide-mouthed bottle and a large, sound Acorn. The Acorn must have a string run through cross-ways, not lengthwise, and be placed apex downwards about in the middle of the bottle. Water should now be poured in to submerge the point of the Acorn about an eighth of an inch. The reason the Acorn is hung point downwards is that it has been found in practice that if the base is submerged it will soon begin to



decay and the germ perish. Whatever loss of water there is by evaporation may be replenished, so that it shall stand all the time at the same height. The string holding the Acorn should be tied at opposite sides of the bottle, and when the germ appears, one end should be loosened, so that the sprout may raise itself erect. A radicle or long root will soon appear, which will grow downwards into the water and settle at the bottom of the bottle. A card with a hole in the center of it can be fitted into the mouth of the bottle, through which the stem of the plant will pass. Thus may be reared in a moderately warm room a family tree, which, though not large enough to shield a whole generation may still serve to delight the children and interest the older ones as well.

FLORAL HONORS.—Some of our friends in England have placed us in decidedly good company, as we learn by the London horticultural journals. The Messrs. KEYNES, the celebrated English Dahlia growers, recently exhibited before the Royal Horticultural Society three new varieties to which were awarded first-class certificates. "Lady Minborne, a beautiful variety, with full, neat flowers of pale rose tint; James Vick, also excellent in form, rich purple in color; and Mrs. Crompton, fine purplish maroon color."



**CLEMATIS GRAVEOLENS.**

MR. VICK:—I read in your catalogue about "Clematis graveolens, a quick-growing, hardy climber, yellowish flowers, very desirable," so I ordered one last spring. It came to hand all right, but was small—about five inches. I doubted in my mind how that bit of a plant was going to make so much growth. However, I planted and watched it carefully, but, for two



or three weeks it didn't grow worth a cent—making roots, I suppose. After that it began to put out in good style, and now it has reached the top of the veranda, and half way across it. There have been scores of blossoms on it this summer and fall; the flowers are a dull yellow, and not very attractive, but the foliage is very pretty, and the seeds, which now cover the vine so profusely, like tufts of silken threads, are quite curious. It is advertised as hardy, so I expect great things from it another year.—  
JULIA C.

**ADORNING SCHOOL GROUNDS.**

The following from the *Cultivator and Country Gentleman*, in reference to the common schools of this State, is a word fitly spoken. According to our observation, the description will apply to school grounds throughout the whole country, and the subject needs attention everywhere, by the press, the people, and agricultural societies. In the few cases where school grounds have been improved, the children have shown the highest appreciation of it, and willingly aid in the work, and assist in rearing and attending flowers and plants:

"We have had occasion to drive hundreds of miles this season among the farmers of the middle and western portions of the State, and could not fail to observe the neglected condition

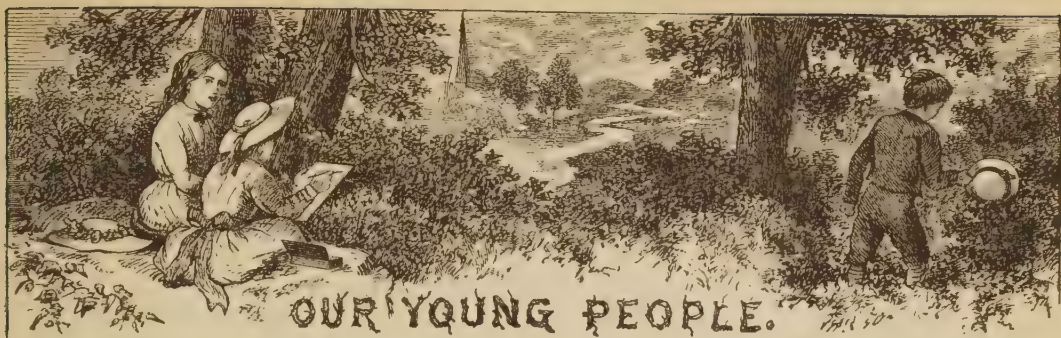
of nearly all the district school houses. The buildings themselves were mostly in fair condition, but not one in ten was shaded by a single tree. Here in this scene of bleakness the rising generation receives its first impressions of taste and civilization. If they have pleasant homes, they will certainly acquire by the contrast a strong aversion to the school. If parents and school trustees cannot be induced to regard common decency in the matter, it would be well to procure the passage of a law that no district should receive public money, as failing of its purpose, that did not have at least a dozen thrifty shade or evergreen trees on the school grounds. These trees would not cost ten dollars. Agricultural and horticultural societies should take hold of the matter. It would be more important than giving premiums for fat pigs and big apples. Do other States generally do better?"

**GARDEN SLUGS.**

MR. VICK:—Your pleasant and instructive serial for July came duly to hand, and has pleased our own immediate circle, and such floricultural friends as enjoy the privilege of a loan. Our summer is just coming in, fruit trees blossoming, and generally nature waking up, for, although we have no severe winter paralyzing vegetable life for a month or two, everything seems to "lay back and take a spell" preparatory to coming out in summer attire.

It is good to exchange ideas, and seeing a jeremiad in the *MAGAZINE* (J. H. D., *Toronto*,) about slugs, I beg to offer for his and other readers use and information, my experience that tender plants may be saved from the ravages of slugs by putting some iron hoops, or rough circlets of tin round them, just bedding the lower edge of the hoop in the mould. The slug will not pass the metal. Failing in that, a circle of soot half an inch high will subserve the same purpose. Watch the trails and find their strongholds; then place some flower-pot saucers or old boxes near them, just leaving a little room under them; consider these as traps; examine them often, and kill any slugs you find, especially the small fry. They will soon be eradicated, or thinned out till no longer a pest.—S. W. VINEY, *Sandhurst, Victoria*.

**PLANTING BULBS.**—Thousands of people, when they saw the Hyacinths and Tulips in flower last spring, thought that next spring they would have a bed, and hundreds at once sent off orders for bulbs, all in vain. If any one wishes a bed of such flowers next spring, this is the best time to purchase and plant the bulbs.



## OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

### THE DAY AFTER THE PICNIC.

Next morning, as the fairies lay awake enjoying the delicate odors of their fragrant bed-chamber, Silverreen exclaimed—

“Well, the ending of yesterday’s picnic was just about what we might have expected after getting such a vulgar, uncouth crowd together!”

“Just what I was thinking,” said Goldinore, but they were quite as agreeable in appearance as those who came to assail them. I cannot think of those Army-worms without shuddering. And as for those Bombadier-beetles, I’d rather have a Snap-dragon pod take dead aim at me any time than to endure their cannon-ading. O, it was fearful! It nauseates me to think of it.”

“Me too; What a strange way they have of vanquishing enemies. But surely they can do it every time. One might stand good, sound blows, laid on right and left, far easier than to have the very breath of life made a torture!”

“O, dear, yes! but I think all of it together was none too bad for the picnickers, for, by their own account, they never leave a tree or plant until it is about to die, and they only care for those things that are intended for man’s especial use, and I suppose nearly everything was created for him, whether we like to believe it or not.”

“Yes, because in some ways he’s of almost as much use as we are, and hence—”

“O, you’ll never make me believe that! What does he do, pray, besides eat, and sleep, and grumble?”

“O, several things. He generally commences a flurry about something or other as soon as he’s grown, and keeps it up till he dies. Of course it don’t amount to much, or he wouldn’t leave it all behind him at the last. I’m sure you’ve often admired the beautiful tombstones glistening in the moonlight, and he made those.”

“Sure enough; I had forgotten. But I like the old ones best, that are covered with Lichens. And when we hold our fetes there I always swing my hammock from those. But, any way,

I know very well that man never placed those ornaments there for our pleasure; and, take him altogether, I think he’s a great, selfish, ugly, overbearing monster!”

“O, Goldinore! But there’s the bell just clattering. While we are dressing, I want to ask if you don’t like the little ones—the boys and the little girls?”

“I like those two girls who I see so often near their bower, working with their vines, but I don’t like boys.”

“I do.”

“Do you like those who are rough and noisy, and tease their sisters?”

“Yes,”

“How can you?”

“Because I think they don’t really mean to be bad or wicked, and that in a little time they will have the sense to see how disagreeable they are making themselves, and they’ll quit it. Of course, if they lack sense, they will go on; and then, sometime, the Brownies will come and drag them down into the ground, and make them grow up into Gourds and Squashes—all they’re fit for.”

“But, do you like those quarrelsome boys who are always showing fight at school, and are the terror of the smaller ones, and disobedient to their mothers, and use bad language, and heed nobody’s advice?”

“Yes, I do; until I see they wont reform. Some of them have good hearts, and are only trying to act as they’ve seen some other boys do who thought they were smart, and not because it is their real disposition. But if they have good, hard sense, they’ll drop it all and behave themselves; though, if they do not, they will be turned into Toad-stools, and that will be the end of them.”

“I’ve heard,” said Goldinore, “of stupid, obstinate boys being called Squash-heads, and I knew what that meant; but I did not know that any class of boys were turned into Toad-stools.”

By this time they were called to breakfast, and were so delighted with the beautiful ar-



rangement of everything that they quite forgot what they were talking about. The table had been drawn near a vine-covered stump, against which were two cozy seats, which Red Spider had covered with moss. Delicate sprays hung at intervals from the table, and each dish stood under the canopy of a full-blown blossom. They ate and chatted, and Red Spider went out to look after the debris of the night before. He found much to make him feel anxious, and going in to report, he found the fairies examining their seats. Goldinore had lifted the moss-cushion from hers, and discovered it was a Toad-stool.

"Where did this come from?" inquired she.

"Of course you know," said Red Spider, "that when boys become quarrelsome at home and at school, disobedient to parents and teachers, untruthful and profane, that it cannot be allowed; and if they do not reform they are suddenly whisked off into a hollow stump, like



this, and are made to sprout through into Toad-stools, and are no more trouble to any one forever after. Then the vines whisper to each other and hurry up and grow all over them, so nobody can suspect what has happened."

"O, dear!" said Goldinore, "have I been sitting on one? I wonder if I hurt him!"

"You needn't trouble to say 'him' when you speak of your breakfast-chair, there'll never be any more 'boy' about that."

"But, surely," inquired Goldinore, "the little girls are naughty, too, sometimes; is nothing done with them?"

"Of course there is. If they turn into little torments, too, and give brother or sister no peace, and are disobedient, untidy, and careless, sometimes a detective Bat, that has been flying around in their sleeping rooms, to spy them out, will report on them, and then, some dark night, all the Owls and Bats will collect together and fly away with them, and they will never be heard of again."

"Well, I declare!"

"I thought you knew," said Red Spider. "But I must think of something else now. I have been out to inspect last evening's battle ground, and I find that all the winged creatures made good their escape, with one sad exception, and among the balance there were a few who did not secrete themselves, but made directly for the water, hoping to cross at once. But the master of each vessel had heard the melee and taken the alarm and left. So those reckless creatures threw themselves into the water and were drowned. This has excited much sensation, and the Water Spider, who was not invited, has sent indignant word that, had he been present with his diving-bell, he might have saved them all."

"Who knew he had a diving-bell?" exclaimed Silvereen.

"I did; but had no idea that any one would need it; nor would they, had it not been for the fright and reckless departure. I am sorry I even suggested the picnic."

"I am not," rejoined Silvereen, "I am sure we have learned a great deal, and it has given us something to think about. But what is the exception you spoke of among those who escaped by flying?"

Oh, it was that poor, miserable dandy of a Wine-fly. He had drank until his wings were of no manner of use to him, and when the enemy approached he was too stupid to get out of the way. His poor carcass lies out there a complete wreck. He who boasted of his independence, of his high blood, of his ancient lineage, made himself more offensive yesterday by his wine-sipping than the most disgusting-looking Slug in the company."

"Yes, I think he did!" said Silvereen, flushing with recollection. "But what will you do with him? I hope we are not to have a funeral here. Besides where would the mourners come from? We've got no tears to shed over him."

"I shall send for the old Beetle who is called Grave-digger to put him away. This is a Christian land, and everything must be done 'decently and in order,' even though he died an ignominious death. So I shall ask the Spindle-worm and Fall-weaver to supply the fabric for a shroud; the Cut-worm can quickly shape it, and the Tailor-bee will make it if I send for them. And I will engage the Saw-fly and Carpenter-bee to make the coffin. We might send for Jack-in-the-Pulpit to deliver a funeral discourse; but it would only embarrass him, and us, too, if he called on us for interesting items to embellish his remarks, for there is nothing good we can say of him."

"You might at least have a requiem," suggested Goldinore.

"Yes, if we could get a Howling Monkey from South America. Travelers describe their noise as 'astounding.' Nothing more peaceful than such strains can fitly describe a drunkard's death. A Screech Owl might give us a mournful dirge, but he doesn't go out by daylight. So I think we'll have a silent burial."

With these remarks Red Spider passed out to attend the solemn preparations, while the two fairies, with arms about each other, went to their bower. They talked in pensive mood of the sad affair, and Silverreen remarked that she was glad she had her friend with her at such a melancholy time; and Goldinore replied that she had intended returning to her own home that day, but that now she would remain a little longer. Presently they noticed a Humming Bird near them, and were very quiet as they watched him hovering with whirr of wings, first over one flower and then over another, until he had rifled them of all their sweets. This reminded Silverreen that they must ask Red Spider to give them an account of his visit to the Humming Birds' castle. As yet they had all been so busy there had been no time. Then they began to wonder where those gay birds get all their brilliant colors, as they never come to Fairy Land for a single tint, not even to be reburnished.

While conversing thus, Red Spider came in to announce that not one of his arrangements in reference to the burial could be carried out. He had been absent a short time to get some twigs of Weeping-willow and some flowers called Mourning-widow to place about the coffin, that they might do what they could in their line towards a semblance of grief; and on his return had received word from the Grave-digger that he could not come; that he was of humble birth, poor and plain, and did a deal of rough, hard work, but that he was not so low yet as to have to bury a drunkard. The Spindle-worm reports that he is such a temperance advocate that, as soon as he learned that whisky was being made of Corn, he left the Dahlia, where he was very comfortable, and for a long time had mostly lived; and made his way into the sweet, juicy Corn; that he had a nice time fattening himself as he lay snugly between the rows of grain, and that he should continue to do all the mischief he could, as long as the Corn was being made into whisky, and hence he had no time to spin shrouds for drunkards. The Fall-weaver has other engagements, and the Cut-worm has lost his shears. The Tailor-bee is having his summer vacation, and the Saw-fly and Carpenter-bee have gone to help the Wood-borer, who is riddling the rafters of a large 'sample-room,'

or saloon, until they are nearly ready for a beautiful crash."

"Is it possible! What are you going to do then?" anxiously inquired Silverreen.

"I almost hate to tell you, but I've done the best I could. A Tumble-bug was near at hand, and I engaged him to do the job in his own way. So he hastily gathered some excrements from a stable-yard, and has rolled up the once dainty, exquisite Wine-fly into one of his balls and taken him off the place."

"O, horrible!" exclaimed the two fairies at once.

"Yes, it is. But, after all, what better could we expect the ending of a life to be that had been spent as his had. But what is that? Listen!"

And, sure enough, as they listened, they heard a chorus of voices singing,—

O, the dainty Wine-fly  
Wore a fancy neck-tie,  
And he stepped very high;  
This dainty Wine-fly.

O, the artful Wine-fly  
Drank at first on the sly,  
And declined if you were nigh;  
This artful Wine-fly.

O, the reckless Wine-fly  
Bolder grew by-and-by,  
And could drink, swear and lie;  
This reckless Wine-fly.

Then the thirsty Wine-fly  
Was forever very dry,  
And he kept a red eye;  
This thirsty Wine-fly.

When the wretched Wine-fly  
In a spree came to die,  
There was no one to cry  
For the wretched Wine-fly.

Thus the song ended, and the fairies, peeping out, saw a troupe of Crickets and Katydid's just leaving, while Red Spider expressed a hope that this was the last sensation they were to have in connection with the fate of that unfortunate inebriate.

"To dispel the gloom which recent events have cast over your spirits, I have already arranged for a different sort of music," said he. "See!"

And looking, they saw first one and then another Æolian harp appearing among the leaves and flowers of their bower. Dainty little harps they were, and as they wondered whence they had come, the most delicious music began faintly to fill the air around them, thrilling them with delight. Stronger and fuller grew the sweet strains, and not until next morning's dawn was the musical charm dispelled, and the breezes allowed to rest from fingering the silver-stringed harps of Fairy Land.



## BOTANY FOR LITTLE FOLKS:

The kind of vegetation most common, what we everywhere meet, the Grass, is as useful as its presence is universal. From our previous studies, none of us would hesitate to pronounce the Grass to be an endogens; its long, narrow leaves, with straight veins running from base to apex, mark it distinctly. We look about us and gather some heads that stand up above the foliage, and very soon discover that these are different—that, in fact, with very little trouble we can procure many distinct kinds of Grass in a small space. If we extend our research, we shortly find that the Grass family is composed of numerous members, and in any effort to collect all the kinds speedily we are baffled, that it requires weeks and months and, in the natural course of affairs, even years to make anything like a full collection.

The Grass family is known as the Gramineæ, and is classed among the flowering plants. Perhaps some of us have never thought of Grass as having flowers, but it is so. The flowers of



Fig. 1. Oat—Expanded spikelet

most kinds of Grass are quite small, and you will need a good lens to look at them; this instrument will not come amiss in examining the flowers of any Grass. But we will select the flower of the Oat as being one of the largest; you will readily understand that the Oat plant is a member of the Grass family—so is Wheat, Barley, Rye, Corn or Maize, and others, as will be learned. Curious flowers are these Grass flowers, but though not having beauty of either color or form, they subserve all the uses of a flower to a plant, which is the production of seed. The Oat sends up a tall stem with numerous branches on which are borne clusters of the flowers; these clusters are called spikelets, and one of them is shown at figure 1 and another at figure 2. The first illustration shows only one perfect flower and one imperfect or abortive one enclosed in a common pair of bracts; in the second illustration are several unopened flowers removed from the pair of bracts in which they grew in order to show the bracts more distinctly. The bracts are dry and scaly and are commonly known as chaff; they

are properly called *glumes*. In figure 1, the glumes are the outside or lower parts; all that belongs to the perfect flower contained in these glumes are the two erect parts, similar but not quite as large as the glumes, that are called palea or palæ, and the three stamens and the two-parted feathery pistil. The palea may be considered the same as the calyx of an ordinary flower. The larger pale, it will be noticed, is furnished with a long bristle or awn on its back. In figure 2, it is very clearly shown how one of the glumes encloses the other at its base; before they expand, one of the glumes is covered on each edge its whole length by the edges of the other glume, hence, one is called the lower or outer glume, and the other the inner or upper one. The palea close one over the other in the same manner as the glumes, and they are spoken of in the same manner as the glumes are, as the lower or outer and the upper and inner one. In the first figure, the pale with the bristle is the lower or outer one. At figure 3, the outer pale has been removed, while the inner one stands at the back; in this illustration, which is much enlarged from the natural size, the three stamens hanging around and the ovary surmounted by the two-parted stigma are clearly shown. Besides what has been mentioned, here are also seen two small bracts at the base of the ovary; these minute bracts are common to most kinds of Grasses. The selection of the



Fig. 2. Oat Spikelet.

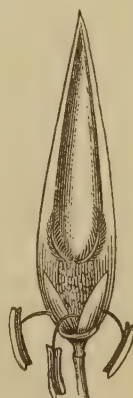


Fig. 3. Oat. Outer pale removed.

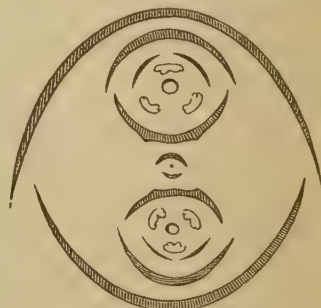


Fig. 4. Oat. Diagram of spikelet.

different parts described may be better understood, perhaps, by the diagram, figure 4. This is a diagram of a spikelet, showing the two glumes, one closed over the edges of the other

and both enclosing two perfect flowers and one undeveloped or imperfect one between them. Each flower is shown by two arcs indicating the pales, two small, dark lines, the little bracts, in the center a small circle for the pistil, and around it three figures for the stamens. It is not to be understood that all the kinds of Grasses have flowers exactly like those of the Oat, but there is a similarity among them, and from the present example a general idea of all may be formed. Some Grasses have two kinds of flowers, one that has stamens only, and the other only a pistil; some of them have their staminate flowers and pistillate flowers on the same plant, and others have them on separate plants. The stems of Grasses are usually cylindrical, sometimes hollow and sometimes solid, nearly always jointed and with a leaf starting at every joint.

The Grasses are mostly low-growing plants, but we are all familiar with a pretty large specimen in the common Corn or Maize of this country, and the Sugar Cane of the South (*Saccharum officinarum*) grows still taller. Some of the Bamboos of Asia grow very tall, and one kind, *Bambusa arundinacea*, attains a height of forty feet, appearing like a tree. Besides the plants already noticed as members of the Grass family, we may notice also Rice, Millet and the Sorghum that is now so much cultivated for sugar and syrup; then there are all those cultivated by farmers for fodder, and those raised to make a fine turf for lawns. Some, at least, of our readers know what beautiful kinds are raised and dried for ornament. Some kinds of Grasses are used medicinally, some for building, some for manufacturing into hats, bonnets, baskets, paper, and other articles. We have now only given a glance at the immense and important family of Grasses, but the study of them is a subject of the highest interest to plant students, and to it much attention may profitably be given.

A LITTLE LEARNER.—I am a little boy ten years of age, and I am very fond of flowers. This summer mother and I went to visit a friend of ours and a contributor of yours, JENNIE DARE, of Greentree. She made me a present of your MAGAZINE for 1878, and I like it very much. I am reading "Botany for Little Folks" now, and mother and I like reading your MAGAZINES evenings. We have learned much about flowers, and we can find almost everything we want to know.—EUGENE, *Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania*.

THE autumn berries are now very fine and make beautiful ornaments, as also do the Ferns and autumn leaves.

#### PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

*Camellia Culture*. A treatise on the propagation and culture of the *Camellia Japonica*. By ROBERT J. HALLIDAY, florist, Baltimore, Md. Illustrated. \$2.

This is a small book, of 140 pages, published by the author, and is full of valuable information upon the subject of which it treats. To all those interested in the cultivation of Camellias, and not satisfied with their attainments, it is commended without reserve. The illustrations consist of five chromo-lithographs and numerous wood engravings.

*Botany for High Schools and Colleges*. By Charles E. Bessey, M. Sc., Ph. D., Professor of Botany in the Iowa Agricultural College, and late lecturer in the University of California. New York: Henry Holt & Co. Pp. 600. Price \$3.

This is a volume prepared by a working botanist, and for the use of students in the laboratory and herbarium. It embodies and explains the most advanced ideas of vegetable physiology, and gives a clear and elaborate view of plant-structure and plant-life. As announced in the preface, it does not profess to give a complete account of the vegetable kingdom, but only such an outline as will best subserve the purposes of the work. The treatise takes the place in the botanical literature of the country not previously occupied by any systematic work, and must receive a hearty welcome from all interested in the subject. It will prove an essential aid to many microscopists in the explanation of the structure of the lower forms of vegetable life, and in giving of them a clear and methodical scientific arrangement.

*The Book of Ensilage*. Experience with Ensilage at Winning Farm. By JOHN M. BAILEY. Published by the author, Billerica, Mass. Pp. 200; \$2.

In this book Mr. BAILEY gives his experience with the new process of preserving fodder fresh for winter use in what are called silos. In this country it would be a boon of immense value to be able to preserve Corn-fodder fresh and juicy to feed through the winter. This it is proposed to do by what is called ensilage. The new word here used, the sound of which falls so strangely on our English ears, is derived from the French word *sillon*, a furrow. Here we arrive at the fundamental idea of the new process. The first attempt at preserving fodder in a fresh state was made by opening a deep furrow with a plow, and placing the fodder in it, and then covering it by plowing the soil back. From this rude attempt at preservation has been derived the present method of building brick pits in the ground, called silos, in which the fodder is stored. The feasibility, and the economic value of the method are not yet fully established, but all experiments connected with it are regarded with great interest.



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